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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Fantasy of World Government

WALTER BERNS

Spring Book Number

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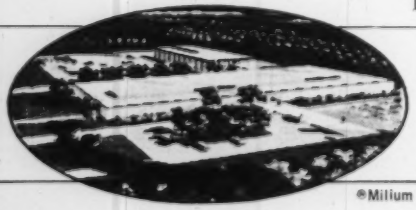

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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CONTENTS APRIL 22, 1961 VOL. X, NO. 15

THE WEEK 237

The Uproar ..... Wm. F. Buckley, Jr. 241

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

The Forgetfulness of Professor Reischauer ..... Allan H. Ryskind 244

The Fantasy of World Government ..... Walter Berns 245

Needed: A Blow ..... James Burnham 248

Would Federal School Subsidies Bring Equality? ..... Russell Kirk 249

A Stilton Catechized Upon a Table ..... Hugh Kenner 250

To the Editor 260

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Chesterton ..... Evelyn Waugh 251

Midnight at Midcentury ..... James Jackson Kilpatrick 252

Stormy Pontificates ..... Ross J. S. Hoffman 253

A Celebration of Life ..... Joan Didion 254

The Cold War without Communism ..... Thomas Molnar 255

Bergman: Image and Meaning ..... Gerhart Niemeyer 257

Books in Brief 259

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In This Issue . . .

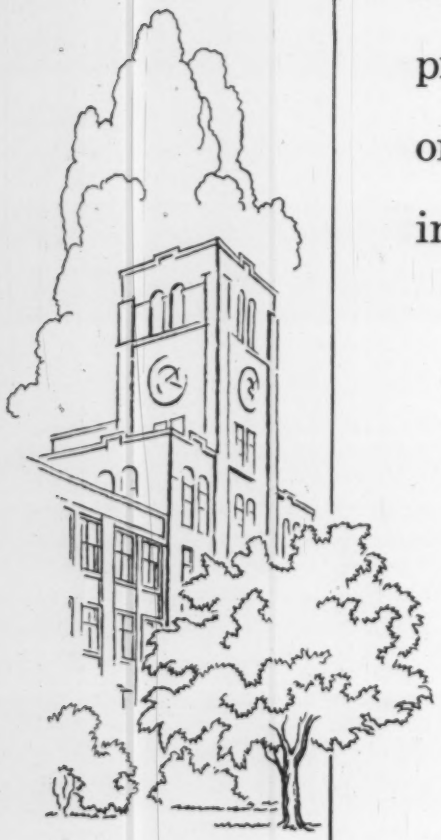
➔ (a luminous issue, if you want to know what we think of it as a whole) we feature books, and reviews of books, by bookwriters as distinguished and interesting and stylish as the authors of the books they review. Though this is the spring book issue, we do not neglect the practical concerns of mankind. Professor **Walter Berns** of Cornell, author of *Freedom, Virtue and the First Amendment* (see "The Liberal Line," Nov. 16, 1957) distills the freeman's objections to world government. In a few thousand words, he exposes the central supersitions of those who, resenting colonialism in Tasmania or Angola, have set out to colonize the entire world. . . . **Allan H. Ryskind,** son of Morrie—obviously the son of Morrie—writes on Professor Reischauer's absent-mindedness about his involvement with the Institute of Pacific Relations. It is only to be hoped, says Mr. Ryskind, who is an editorial assistant at *Human Events,* that he will not, in his forgetfulness, forget whose interests it is he is supposed to represent while in Japan.

➔ **Evelyn Waugh,** writing for first time in NATIONAL REVIEW, discusses, not so favorably alas, Garry Wills' first published book, *Chesterton: Man and Mask.* But, of course, it doesn't matter so much what Mr. Waugh is writing about, just so he writes. And he has much to say that is interesting in this review. He does, however, mistake Mr. Wills' work for a doctoral dissertation. (Wills did do a dissertation while writing *Chesterton,* or rather vice-versa. The thesis is on Heraclitus and Aeschylus, and will earn him a Ph.D. from Yale in June). . . . The eloquent **James Jackson Kilpatrick** reviews *Midcentury,* the great new work of John Dos Passos (a part of which first appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW). . . . **Ross J. S. Hoffman,** professor of history at Fordham, student of Burke, wit, sage, writes about the ordeals of the seven popes who preceded Pius IX (infallibility came as an immense relief!). . . . **Joan Didion** celebrates, in her inimitable way, the emergence of John Cheever as a great artist. . . . Professor **Thomas Molnar** of Brooklyn College surveys ruefully the extraordinary confusion of one of the nation's brightest young men, John L. Lukacs. . . . And **Gerhart Niemeyer** tells of the excitement, dramatic and intellectual, of viewing, and probing, the dazzling art of Ingmar Bergman.

➔ And we inaugurate a new feature by Professor **Hugh Kenner,** chairman of the Department of English at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Mr. Kenner has been editing our poetry page; and now, every third time, he will discuss the poetry we publish, and related matter. Mr. Kenner, formerly a Guggenheim Fellow, member of the Royal Society of Literature, author of eight books including *The Art of Poetry,* begins by describing the pleasures of eating cheese with The Invisible Poet. ➔

The only justification for regulation by law is to protect freedom.

As soon as laws begin to protect privilege—of individual, group, or class—they open the way to inequity, iniquity, and slavery.



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The WEEK

● Secretary of State Dean Rusk says, "If we use our wits we shall not need to use our weapons." Does this explain the Administration's emphasis on increasing defense expenditures?

● In the Texas Senatorial election, John Tower, the only Republican among the major candidates, led the field with 325,000 votes, or 31.5 per cent of the total. William Blakley, a conservative Democrat, was second with 189,000 votes (18.3 per cent). The rest were divided among moderate and Liberal Democrats. Since no candidate received a majority, there will be a runoff between Tower and Blakley in June. Tower's advantages: 1) his unprecedented showing in the first round, which should give a morale boost to the Republican organization; 2) the active support of Goldwater and Nixon; and 3) the fact that he is a better campaigner than Blakley. His major disadvantage: despite his good showing, the Republican vote was still only one-third of the total. If Liberal Senator Yarborough remains quiet, a Liberal stay-at-home protest may prove decisive in returning the first Republican Senator from Texas.

● Wheat has been grown in the United States for as little as 70 cents a bushel. We have not uncommonly produced it at a dollar a bushel. The international market price fluctuates around $1.25 a bushel. But the federal government guarantees the farmers $1.80 a bushel and then limits the amount of acreage planted to wheat. At the same time the New Frontier pretends to be concerned about the gold balance in international payments. Suggestion to Frontiersmen: ask not what you can do for the farmers, but rather ask what the farmers could do for this country's gold flow if you *allowed* them to export as much wheat as they could produce at a profit!

● Senator Thomas J. Dodd again protests the inadequate coverage given to anti-Communist news by the press. At a time when some people still doubt that the Castro regime is Communist, he says, conclusive evidence of this is buried in the last paragraphs of one-column stories, if reported at all. He gave as an example a speech by the Cuban Ambassador to Moscow, Faure Chaumont, before the students of the University of Havana, commemorating one of the anniversaries of the Revolution. Chaumont proclaimed the Castro regime's "loyalty to Communism," and declared that "we, the Communists, will continue to advance together with our truth. . . . We shall see very soon that all people of Latin America will become Communists." On the platform, beaming his approval of the ambassador's remarks, was Castro.

● Two right-wing journals of opinion appeared simultaneously a couple of weeks ago, and we bid both welcome. One, the organ of the newly formed Young Americans for Freedom, is called *The New Guard*. It is written exclusively by students, or young graduates, and is edited by Lee Edwards, press officer to Senator John Marshall Butler. The first issue is well written, well edited and has, like the organization that spawned it, plenty of bounce. Subscriptions: $3.00 a year. Address inquiries to Young Americans for Freedom, 343 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. At the University of Chicago, a few graduate students for the most part working toward doctorates in economics, have founded the *New Individualist Review*, a bi-monthly which will publish searching and scholarly articles by young libertarian and conservative writers, as well as by the old pros, *e.g.*, Wilhelm Roepke, Richard Weaver. Mr. Weaver is an editorial adviser, as are Professor Milton Friedman, the well-known free market economist, and Professor F. A. Hayek. A year's subscription is $2.00. Write to the *New Individualist Review*, P.O. Box 4309, Chicago 80, Illinois.

● *Curious.* The *London Daily Worker* reported Monday, April 11, that the Russians had put a man into space, that he had orbited the world three times, that he had landed, but been injured in that landing. Twenty-four hours later, the Soviet Union announced it had put a man into space, that he had orbited the world three times and that he had landed without a bruise. Problem: according to the official Soviet timetable the entire operation took place *after* the London report.

● Public Action has come in for a blast from Mr. Ralph McGill, the syndicated writer. Though he fails to include the name Public Action, Mr. McGill quotes from a NATIONAL REVIEW ad. Or should we say misquotes, from it. For Mr. McGill states that, for a fee, this service will send "skillfully prepared" and "carefully written" letters to legislators, newspapers, etc., giving the impression that Public Action is simply another pressure group along the lines of the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education. The ad actually urges conservatives to send "skillfully-aimed" and "carefully-timed" letters to congressmen in order to help block passage of Leftist legislation. Public Action advises its members what bills are up for consideration. The actual letter-writing is left to the individuals.

● Through a hundred remarkable and eloquent photographs, *Who Will Volunteer?* uncovers the di-

mension that has been lost in the political and strategic controversies over Quemoy: the human dimension. By telling the story of the 8,700 families living on this enclave of freedom, an easy cannon shot away from Mao's batteries, *Who Will Volunteer?* cuts through the abstractions of experts and diplomats. It may be ordered from the publisher, Bookmailer Inc., Box 101, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N.Y.

● We have, for many years, as most of our readers know, been lost in admiration of the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell's way with the dollar. But never so much as last week when we ran across his scheme to raise a building fund for his Abyssinian Baptist Church. It is simplicity itself. The Reverend Powell dropped all 11,000 parishioners from the church rolls. Re-registration fee: $1.00.

No Substitute in Cuba

On April 3, the White House issued a declaration on Cuba, reportedly written under the President's direct supervision by Arthur Schlesinger, which recounted "the transformation of Cuba into a Soviet satellite," and concluded: "Dr. Castro has done more than establish a dictatorship in Cuba; he has committed that dictatorship to a totalitarian movement outside the hemisphere. . . . We call once again on the Castro regime to sever its links with the international Communist movement. . . . If this call is unheeded, we are confident that the Cuban people . . . will continue to strive for a free Cuba." Two days later Castro's Foreign Minister, Raúl Roa, called this declaration a "formalization of the undeclared war which the U.S. is waging against us."

Roa is accurate, and the undeclared war is rapidly stepping up its pace. With the obvious aid and comfort of the U. S. Government, guerrilla bands are active in Cuba itself, other groups are landing on isolated beaches, thousands of anti-Castro exiles are training for military operations, and tens of thousands are engaged in a swelling propaganda and psychological campaign against the Castro regime (and to some degree against each other). With the scarcely concealed backing of U.S. agencies, an exile Revolutionary Council under the presidency of José Miró Cardona has been formed, and has announced —from U.S. soil—its intention to reorganize as a government of Free Cuba as soon as it consolidates a foothold in Cuba proper. *"To arms, Cubans! We must conquer or we shall die choked by slavery. Duty calls us to the war against the executions of our Cuban brethren."*

In combat against Fidel Castro, the Kennedy Administration has thus said A, and must now be ready to say B and C and D. There is no drawing back now. It is not a question, any longer, merely of Cardona and his associate, Manuel Ray, of the People's Revolutionary Movement, and their followers and rivals among the anti-Castro Cubans. By what has already happened, the United States is itself now committed—in the eyes of Castro and Khrushchev, of its friends and enemies and its own citizens—to the overthrow of the Castro regime and the cutting of Cuba's link to the Kremlin. NATIONAL REVIEW regrets the leftist, "non-Communist Castroism without Castro" line that is expressed in the Schlesinger declaration and the composition of the Cardona-Ray junta. But this too becomes secondary now, and subject, like all such programs, to revision under the hammering of events. The issue now joined is power. In Cuba, too, for both sides, from this point on there can be no substitute for victory.

Have Professor Schlesinger, Allen Dulles, the Joint Chiefs and the President himself thought the possible consequences all the way through? If not, it is an irresponsibility for which we shall pay most grievously. Unless Operation Anti-Castro strengthens daily, unless we—our nation and government, that is, not just a half-real Revolutionary Council—are ready to use every physical and military means needed to achieve the objective, the whole campaign is liable to collapse under the psychological counterforces that are already being wheeled into line: in Russia and Europe, in Latin America, in the UN and in Washington itself. ("Top U.S. Advisers in Dispute on Aid to Castro's Foes," the dispatches from Washington have already announced.)

This one is for keeps. It would be a good idea for the President himself to explain this to us, quite candidly, and why it must be so.

Thoughts on Eichmann

We are in for a great deal of Eichmann in the weeks ahead, and the press is off to a prodigious start in recording the beginning of the trial. Whether reader interest will justify the prolonged and exhaustive treatment that is contemplated, we cannot say: but we predict the country will tire of it all, and for perfectly healthy reasons. The Christian Church focuses hard on the crucifixion of Jesus Christ for only one week out of the year. Three months—that is the minimum estimate made by the Israeli Government for the duration of the trial—is too long to contemplate so intensively even the infinite barbarities of Hitler and Eichmann: too long even to concentrate uninterruptedly on evil itself.

It is not as though there will be coming out of Israel an unfolding and engrossing story. Everyone knows the facts, and has known them for years. There is no more drama or suspense in store for us than there would be if the trial and ultimate exoneration of Dreyfus were to be repeated. What is unpredictable is merely the legal footwork, and that has never been a subject that engrosses the nations. Beyond that there are the luridities. The telling, and retelling, of one of the century's great horror stories. The counting of corpses, and gas ovens, and kilos of gold wrenched out of dead men's teeth. Life is rooted in horror, and mature men must carry this gruesome fact in mind. Whether they should dwell on it is another matter. Overfamiliarity with bestiality can dull one's sense of horror. The diary of Anne Frank did more to bring out the horror of Buchenwald than the trial of Eichmann will do.

What are some of the political and legal ramifications of the Eichmann trial?

On the former, we have already touched. There is under way a studied attempt to cast suspicion upon Germany. Has Germany really reformed? *"It is people like Eichmann who serve first Hitler, and then Adenauer, who are prepared to perpetrate the most hideous crimes against Jews and humanity,"* writes Mr. Chimen Abramsky in a letter to the *New Statesman and Nation*. *"One must not forget for one moment that Adenauer took over practically the whole German* Beamtentum [officialdom] *from the Nazi State apparatus. Adenauer's aims of rearming Germany, opposing a settlement between East and West, have the same underlying aims that Hitler had before the war; though of course employing different means from Hitler, the goal remains the same:* Drang nach Osten [Drive toward the East] . . . *Globke under Hitler drafted the Nuremberg Laws against the Jews, and today drafts the laws of Adenauer's 'democracy' which bans peace campaigns and the Communist Party, and encourages revanchist tendencies in Germany . . ."*

That—let us hope—is an extreme statement of the spirit that will be promoted by the trial. But it is all there: bitterness, distrust, the refusal to forgive, the advancement of Communist aims, the cultivation of pacifism . . .

The interesting legal question, of course, is whether the community of nations is going to acquiesce in the notion that the State of Israel can define a crime against the Jewish people, swoop down on anyone presumed to have committed such a crime, and try that person in an Israeli court. Lincoln Rockwell, the young maniac who goes about in a Nazi uniform calling for genocide against the Jewish people, lives in Alexandria, Virginia. Ezra Pound is in Rapallo. Is it up to the State of Israel to decide whether they are to continue to live there—or be kidnapped for trial in Tel Aviv?

And finally, who will undertake to give as much publicity to those wretched persons, Jews and non-Jews, who are alive today, but will be dead before this trial is over—the continuing victims of Communist persecution, in China and Russia and Laos and Indonesia and Tibet and Hungary? If the Eichmann trial could spare the life of a single Jew unjustly condemned, there would be ample justification for the lurid extravaganza. When shall we have a show trial aimed not at avenging the dead, but at sparing the living the ordeals they suffer even now, as we talk and talk and talk?

Higher, and Higher, and . . .

Five, six, seven million shares of stock are trading daily on the New York Stock Exchange. Market prices are at all-time highs for the majority of issues. Unknown stocks burst into the spotlight, soar dizzily, and pass into oblivion as the fashion changes. The president of the Stock Exchange has cautioned the public against blind speculation. Gold has come back—a little. Foreign observers are buying American stocks to cash in on the coming inflation. Professional investors, who were bearish last year, are bullish this year—not because the economy is more obviously healthy (it is, but only slightly), but because they think the Kennedy dollar is going to be worth less than the Eisenhower dollar.

The little man, fifteen million strong, has been buying stocks with his savings, having discovered that the cash salted away a few years ago has lost an astonishing portion of its buying power. Rail stocks at twelve times earnings, steel at twenty times, public utilities at thirty times, blue-chip growth stocks at forty and fifty times, electronics stocks at sixty times earnings—the head swims.

But between 1961 and 1929 there are important differences. There's very little borrowed money in the market now. The price rise has not swept everything upward; many stocks are far down from prices established five years ago. More information is available to analysts and investors; less manipulation is possible under the securities laws; the exchanges exercise better control of price fluctuations; and the yearly volume of trading is a small fraction of what it was in 1929, when compared with the total number of shares now listed. These things are true, and they give support to the bulls. But a society cannot manage its affairs forever on the maxim that a

For the Record

Our Ambassador in a real trouble spot reports that on foreign policy decisions, State Secretary Rusk is often a minority of one against Adlai Stevenson, W. W. Rostow and Chester Bowles. . . . Labor's attempt to ease legislative bans on secondary picketing in the construction industry bogging down in intramural fighting between industrial and craft unions. . . . According to close associates, Nelson Rockefeller anxious to modify his uncompromisingly Liberal public image in hopes of snagging some upstate conservative voters in '62. . . . Latest college fad, the Peace Corps term paper. Rules: apply to Peace Corps, go through screening process, write a critique of the procedure, prospects, and security measures.

Russians pressing Castro to get Moa Bay nickel and cobalt mining back into operation. That area has 50 per cent of free world's nickel ore and just the nickel-cobalt blend the USSR needs for nose cone components for its space program. . . . A bigger than seasonal run on skindiving equipment in Florida attributed to purchases by Cuban refugees to equip rebel frogmen. . . . Visit to Jakarta of Red China's Foreign Minister Chen Yi sets off new speculation that the Reds want Indonesian President Sukarno to take over Nehru's role as East-West go-between in the Orient. . . . Although Sukarno discounts reports that rebels are still active in Indonesia, the Indonesian army reports 5,671 rebels were killed in the last year, 17,000 surrendered.

Of Kenya's 3,600 white farmers, 800 have already offered to sell their land to the Land Development and Resettlement Board, established to help African farmers. . . . The Union Minière du Haut Katanga, the big copper mining company which operates in Moise Tshombe's relatively peaceful Katanga province, has declared a dividend for 1960 equivalent to $30 a share. Production is up, earnings have stayed level.

Good question, from one of our readers: "How about a 'Fair Play for Portugal Committee'?"

dollar saved is a dollar wasted. The day for casting up the accounts will surely come. Everyone knows this, but everyone keeps buying stocks, on the assumption that they'll go up a little more, just a *little* more . . .

Lawful Dissent

The New York State Commission against Discrimination, which has had to field some tough ones recently, is now being asked to look into the appointment of the latest Borough President of Manhattan. The Association for the Preservation of Freedom of Choice (APFC) has filed a complaint with the Commission charging alleged discrimination against all non-Negro residents of Manhattan in the selection of a Borough President to succeed Hulan Jack, a Negro who resigned after being convicted of improper conduct in office. The complaint charges that "Mayor Robert F. Wagner, in fear of the political consequences of choosing someone other than a member of the Negro race as President of the Borough of Manhattan" first supported Robert C. Weaver for the job (Weaver opted for the position of federal housing czar instead); then supported Councilman Earl Brown (Brown, it turned out was ineligible) and finally backed Edward K. Dudley, who won the appointment. Weaver, Brown and Dudley are Negroes.

Although the APFC sent a copy of its complaint to all seven New York City newspapers on March 30, not a whisper of it has appeared in the daily press thus far. The press, which had itself a field day when Supreme Court Justice I. Irwin Shapiro ruled that the "Association for the Preservation of Freedom of Choice" should not be granted a charter of incorporation in New York State in July 1960, on the grounds that it was a "hate group," made no mention, either, of the reversal of that decision by the Court of Appeals (5-2) two weeks ago. (Judge Shapiro labeled the APFC a "hate group" because of its "contention that there is nothing wrong in 'merely declining to rent an apartment' to one by reason of his race, or his creed, or his color.") The reason the apartment got into the act is that the APFC seeks to repeal New York laws forbidding certain sorts of discrimination in the rental or sale of certain types of housing.

In overturning Judge Shapiro's ruling, the Court of Appeals declared: "It is perfectly lawful for an individual or group of individuals to agitate for the repeal or modification of any law on the statute books of the State; or even for a change in the form of the State government itself provided such agita-

tion is not coupled with the advocacy of force and violence. . . . Dissenting organizations have equal rights, so far as freedom of expression is concerned, as any other groups, and are entitled to an equal and objective application of the statute [of incorporation]."

The question before the house is, will the APFC complaint receive equal and objective consideration by the State Commission against Discrimination or will its complaint be discriminated against?

The Secret Everyone Knows

The simple truth is so rarely heard in our time from official lips that it strikes our ears with the dazzling shock of revelation. What Charles de Gaulle said last week about the United Nations, and the conclusions he drew for his country's policy, were as plain and obvious as a peasant's comment on the village whore, but among all the earth's statesmen de Gaulle alone has had the honesty and courage to say them.

President de Gaulle deplored the disintegration of the Security Council. He pointed out that the General Assembly had been established as a deliberative body that was to debate only those questions submitted to it by the Council. But instead, "the Assembly has assumed all powers and can deliberate on everything or anything." The Charter had been drawn to prevent the UN from interfering in the domestic affairs of any nation, but the organization —and "this is true in particular of its functionaries" —now intervenes "in all kinds of subjects."

He reaffirmed France's refusal to pay any of the costs of the UN's Congo expeditionary forces, and said further to the six hundred newsmen who were carrying his words to the world: *"The United Nations offers no more than tumultuous and scandalous sessions where it is impossible to organize objective debate and which are filled with invective delivered by the Communists and their allies. . . . The UN has brought to Congo its own global incoherence.*

"Under these conditions, France does not see how she can take any other attitude toward the United Nations — or Disunited Nations — than that of the greatest reserve. In any case, she does not propose to participate either through her manpower or her finances in any present or eventual enterprise of this organization—or disorganization."

Three days before President de Gaulle thus spoke, the White House had announced President Kennedy's May visit to Paris. Could it be that the host was deliberately preparing his guest for their forthcoming conversations? We choose to hope so.

The Uproar

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Two weeks ago we put off writing about Mr. Robert Welch and the John Birch Society because to have done so would have been to make one's way across a firing range. The two weeks have gone by, but the firing has not let up—if anything it has increased in intensity, and the shots are going wilder. But there is no delaying further; and so, having received the last rites, here we go. . .

(The following questions are culled from letters received by NATIONAL REVIEW *during the past few weeks):*

Q. *Why is there so much interest in the John Birch Society?*

A. Because there is so much interest in the quickening tempo of conservative activity. The Liberals, and to the extent their programs coincide, the Communists, feel threatened by the revived opposition. Accordingly they have taken hold of a vulnerable organization and labored to transform it into a national menace.

Q. *What is the John Birch Society?*

A. An organization of men and women devoted to militant political activity. Its principal aims are to arrest the Communist conspiracy, and resist the growth of government. It is dominated by its Founder, Mr. Robert Welch of Boston, who has plenipotentiary powers within the organization.

Q. *Would you say the structure of the John Birch Society is totalitarian or fascistic?*

A. No. I consider it reasonable that a man who founds an ad hoc organization of this character should have as much dominance over its affairs as he considers to be in the best interests of the organization's objective. If members of the John Birch Society do not like the way it is run, they can resign from it. Welch's position within the Society is roughly equivalent to Theodore Roosevelt's in the Bull Moose Party.

Q. *It is charged the organization thrives on secrecy. Is that true?*

A. I have never understood the criticism. Welch's communications, describing the projected activities of the Society, are widely available. The activities themselves, *e.g.*, letter writing to congressmen, manifestly draw attention to the Society. Welch's magazine can be had for five dollars a year. I consider that the doings of the Birch Society are far more public than, say, the doings of the so-called Committee of Correspondents, which operates out of another part

of Boston, and is engaged in promoting the cause of unilateral disarmament. It is, of course, possible that individual chapters of the Birch Society stress secrecy in their own communities, from motives reasonable or unreasonable, according to the circumstances.

Q. *What has been the history of the relations between Robert Welch and* NATIONAL REVIEW?

A. I have myself known Robert Welch since 1952. I have read all his books, and most of his articles and editorials. He bought stock and debentures in NATIONAL REVIEW in its early years (less than one per cent of our original capital). We have exchanged over a dozen letters, and spoken from the same platform on two occasions. I have always admired his personal courage and devotion to his cause. In 1958, after reading his privately circulated book, *The Politician*, I wrote him to say I rejected totally his thesis about Eisenhower as a conscious agent of Communism, as also the supporting presumptions of endemic disloyalty elaborated in that book. I wrote that I hoped to show him his thesis was incorrect. He replied most amiably that it was he who hoped to persuade me, and was confident in due course he could, of the fact that the scale of the conspiracy was so broad as actually to comprehend the White House, the State Department, and other departments of government.

Q. *Has* NATIONAL REVIEW *ever disagreed with Robert Welch implicitly?*

A. Every issue of NATIONAL REVIEW stresses a different analysis of the causes of our difficulties.

Q. *Has* NATIONAL REVIEW *ever disagreed with Welch explicitly?*

A. Yes. In the spring of 1959, Robert Welch wrote in *American Opinion* that the writing of Pasternak's novel *Dr. Zhivago*, which NR had praised as a moving and humane testament of a disillusioned Russian artist, was clearly a canny Communist Party operation. NATIONAL REVIEW published an article (April 11, 1959) by Eugene Lyons entitled "The Folklore of the Right," disputing vigorously Mr. Welch's specific conclusions, and warning against the analytical framework that supported them.

Q. *Has Robert Welch ever taken public issue with* NATIONAL REVIEW?

A. Yes, though on an unimportant matter. Back in 1958 he had severely criticized NATIONAL REVIEW's nomination of Professor Henry Kissinger to a board of inquiry to look into Radio Free Europe.

Q. *Why didn't* NATIONAL REVIEW *publicly disavow the book on Eisenhower if it disagreed so sharply with it?*

A. It was shown to me in confidence—it was hardly given to us for review.

Q. *Do you believe the differences between* NATIONAL REVIEW'S *analysis of world affairs, and Robert Welch's are critical?*

A. I do—and so does Mr. Welch. I wrote him, in fact, as recently as last October, to say: "The question arises: how grave are our differences? I would say they are very grave indeed. . . I do not want to pretend to you, with whom I have always dealt frankly, that I consider these differences [between our points of view] as less than critical. . . I do hope that our personal relationship will not deteriorate, however openly it may from time to time be necessary to ventilate our differences." He replied: "Do not fret yourself over the matter. I have no intentions of getting ruffled by the criticisms of my friends. This is especially true because I am so sadly certain that in due course circumstances will bring you around to accepting my analysis of our danger. . ."

Q. *What does Mr. Welch mean by "my analysis of our danger"?*

A. He means his belief, most sincerely and passionately held, that the government of the United States is under the effective control of the world-wide Communist conspiracy, whose American agents are strategically located on all levels and exercise the preponderant influence in shaping American policy.

Q. *Doesn't* NATIONAL REVIEW *believe the Communist conspiracy is a deadly serious matter?*

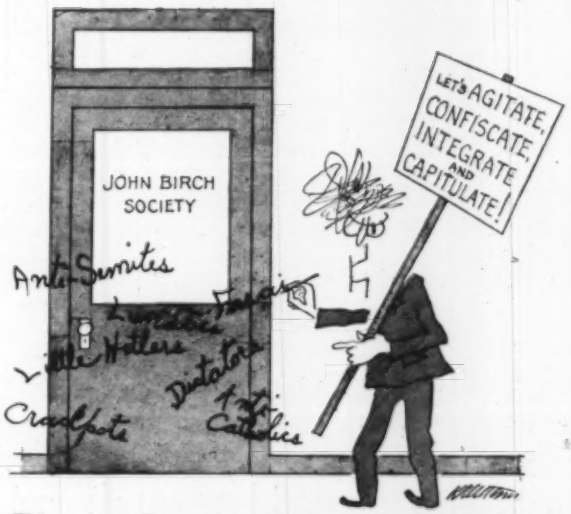
A. Most definitely we do. But we certainly do not believe it is in control of the government, as Mr. Welch maintains not only in the so-called Black Book, but in many issues of his monthly magazine and bulletin.

Q. *Isn't it, then, merely a difference in emphasis?*

A. No. If our government is in the effective control of Communists (see, *e.g.*, *American Opinion*, July 1960), then the active educational effort conducted by conservatives in the country, to the extent it is based on the premise that both we *and* our governors wish to save America, is a sheer waste of time. If those of our public servants and teachers and ministers who, *e.g.*, argue for foreign aid, for the suspension of nuclear tests, for the abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, for vastly increased federal welfare measures—if they are all, or virtually all, covert Communists, then one doesn't address them, or labor over them, as one would in dealing with errant and ignorant fellow countrymen. The point has come, if Mr. Welch is right, to leave the typewriter, the lectern, and the radio microphone, and look instead to one's rifles.

Things are bad, I certainly agree. But we are not in Czechoslovakia in February 1948.

Q. *What, actually, does it matter if we lose be-*



"This name-calling group should be *investigated* because they're trying to repeal the twentieth century, whereas my *non*-name-calling group should *not* be investigated because *we're* merely trying to repeal the last two thousand years!"

cause of ignorance or because of treachery? We still lose, don't we?

A. It matters both in understanding the causes for past losses, and devising the means by which to prevent future losses. In opposing, for instance, the kind of foreign aid program advanced by Eisenhower and now by Kennedy, we still shape our arguments differently, according as we understand the proponents of foreign aid to be pro-Communists, or merely mistaken Americans—who, in the pinch, would shoot at the same enemy we would shoot at. On a personal plane, my attitude toward the man who runs over my child intentionally, is vastly different from my attitude toward the man who runs over him unintentionally.

Q. *To what extent does the membership of the John Birch Society subscribe to Mr. Welch's views?*

A. It is impossible to answer that question categorically. There are, presumably, some members of the Society who subscribe to Mr. Welch's views on all matters, even including his views on the allegiance of Mr. Eisenhower. I myself have never met a single member who declared himself in agreement with certain of Mr. Welch's conclusions. I therefore assume that the overwhelming majority of the members of the Birch Society, never aware of Mr. Welch's Black Book, were caught completely by surprise at the revelation of some of its contents by the press.

Q. *Is it possible to consider the Black Book as totally irrelevant to the John Birch Society?*

A. No, for the reasons I have touched on. The Black Book itself rests on the conspiratorial theory of history, and other mistaken premises about the causes of America's recent defeats. Those premises and assumptions deeply influence the literature of the John Birch Society.

Q. *Do you believe the charges that members of the John Birch Society are fascistic, and crackpot?*

A. Such charges are as irresponsible as any of the charges attributed to Robert Welch. I do not agree with some of the corporate projects of the Society, but I cannot think of one that is so scandalous or so mischievous as, for instance, the call for nuclear disarmament, or world government, or what have you, upon which the press at large has yet to register its anxiety, or scorn.

Q. *Why, then, are these charges being made so widely?*

A. Certain elements of the press are opportunizing on the mistaken conclusions of Robert Welch to anathematize the entire American right wing. In professing themselves to be scandalized at the false imputation of pro-Communism to a few people, the critics do not hesitate to impute pro-fascism to a lot of people. In point of fact, the only thing many of these critics would dislike more than a conservative organization with vulnerabilities, is a conservative organization without vulnerabilities.

Q. *What is the future of the John Birch Society?*

A. I hope it thrives, provided, of course, it resists such false assumptions as that a man's subjective motives can automatically be deduced from the objective consequences of his acts.

Notes and Asides

We are happy to announce that on the basis of past experience we can, hopefully, predict that NATIONAL REVIEW's annual Fund Drive will raise the money necessary to continue publishing during 1961. We need to say that very carefully: assuming as many people as contributed to our Fund Appeal after the 15th of April in 1960, do so again this year, the money will be raised. We are, of course, writing individually to our faithful and generous friends. . . We have received a number of requests asking how much it would cost to send NATIONAL REVIEW by airmail to remote parts of the country. The answer is the cost would be prohibitive unless we had a special run on lighter paper. And even then, the cost would be high: $18.00 (none of the increase profiting NR). Question: Are there enough subscribers who want to pay that much to get the magazine sooner? If you are one, please send a postcard to NR, saying, Air Mail Sí!

National Trends

The Forgetfulness of Prof. Reischauer

ALLAN H. RYSKIND

Edwin O. Reischauer, professor of Japanese at Harvard, director of the Center for East Asian Studies, and Kennedy's choice to be the Ambassador to Japan, gave a rather curious performance before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee March 23. In his testimony he appeared to be trying to convince the senators that he had never said or done what it was indeed assumed he had said and done. The professor, for example, declared he had never been connected with the Institute of Pacific Relations, cited in 1952 by a unanimous, bipartisan Senate subcommittee as a transmission belt for Chinese Communist propaganda. "I was never connected with the IPR in any way," he told the senators with a straight face but modified this in the same sentence to: "I think I never did join." That Reischauer can state he was "never connected" with an organization in "any way" and then be in doubt as to whether he ever actually joined shows the unerring marks of an absent-minded professor. And that he should also forget whether or not he was a member of the most important organization of the 1940s that dealt with Far Eastern affairs—matters on which he is supposed to be expert—leads one to hope that the professor will have someone constantly around to remind him he is Ambassador to Japan.

While the professor's memory may be somewhat hazy on IPR membership, the memory of William L. Holland, who was formerly Executive Vice Chairman of the IPR, was very clear on the matter. On September 28, 1951, Holland sent a letter identifying Reischauer to Robert Morris, then a counsel for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, which had been investigating Reischauer's part in a State Department conference in 1949. The letter from Holland read: "Edwin O. Reischauer: Member American IPR, 1944-48; contributor to *Far Eastern Survey* 1948; co-author of *Next Step in Asia.*" Reischauer did undertake to correct Holland's statement on this particular item, which no doubt is the reason the impression has been left over the years that Reischauer was perhaps a mite closer to the IPR than his recent statements would indicate. Reischauer, it also turns out, has had one book published by the IPR and has contributed to two IPR publications, *Far Eastern Survey* and *Pacific Affairs.*

Reischauer also told the senators that he was not very interested in the IPR because : "my interests were not along those lines. At that time [presumably during the 1940s] I was primarily interested in ancient history." His consuming interest in ancient history, however, does not explain why the State Department appointed him Senior Divisional Assistant of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs in 1941 or why John Carter Vincent [an IPR stalwart], who during the late 40s was Director of the Office of Far Eastern Affairs, recommended Reischauer for a Far Eastern post, or why the State Department invited him to participate in the Round Table Discussion on American Foreign Policy Toward China on October 6, 7 and 8, 1949. One doubts he was selected to make observations on the Ming dynasty.

Another curious statement by the professor before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was that he had never really advocated that the United States recognize Red China, merely that the U.S. should "consider" the recognition problem from time to time, as, presumably, all Harvard intellectuals should consider all questions, except the question whether all questions should be considered. Yet in the Round Table Discussion in 1949 he made sounds that certainly gave the impression that he had made his mind up on the recognition issue and felt that here was one problem that wasn't worth considering at all. The official State Department transcript of that shows Reischauer saying: "We seem to be in very general agreement about the desirability of recognizing the Communist government in China and recognizing it fairly soon." He not only thought (excuse me, seemed to think) we should recognize Red China but that the U.S. should recognize Red China even if that meant China would earn the right to participate in the Japanese Peace Treaty. "I cannot see," said the professor in the transcribed discussion, "why the addition of Communist China to such a peace treaty would have a great influence. On the other hand, if you negotiated a peace treaty with the rump Kuomintang Government having membership at the table, I think it would only have an adverse influence on China. The Communists would be less likely to accept the results of that treaty."

The professor's opinions on Red China have not seemed to change much over the years despite his smoke-screened statements before the senators this March, and despite the efforts of the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Fulbright, who reportedly recommended Reischauer for the job. He tried to point out that Reischauer's quoted views were given before the Korean War, when Red China's aggressive nature was, of course, unknown. But it was not before the Korean War, but in 1955 that Reischauer wrote *Wanted: An Asian Policy,* which advocates the same line on Red China laid down by the IPR.

Reischauer's basic premise in the book is that there is a deep fissure between Russia and Red China which the U.S. should exploit. From this axiom, all his thinking flows. So convinced is he of this split, he heavily implies that the U.S. might unilaterally dispose of its nuclear weapons. Says Reischauer: ". . . American superiority in atomic weapons is likely to continue to strengthen Moscow's control over China rather than weaken it, and will give us little influence over China's future. . . ."

His own pet formula for splitting Moscow and Peking involves Sino-Japanese trade. This would not only strengthen Japan, says Reischauer, but would have the really beneficial result of strengthening China. If the reader is too unintellectual to under-

(Continued on p. 247)

The Fantasy of World Government

Make no mistake about it, says Professor Berns, a world government, if it comes about, will be a world despotism to be bought at the price of 'ending the old ways and the old faiths.'

WALTER BERNS

It seems to me that the devotees of world government have minimized the difficulties involved; yet the experience of one of the major organizations devoted to the cause, the United World Federalists, points up these difficulties in a dramatic fashion. The members of the organization met and agreed, as one of them later reported, that "a global government able to enforce law (in the sense of 'domestic law') on individual violators was necessary . . . and . . . possible . . . [and] that the only practicable form for such a world government was the federal form." But the members disagreed sharply on how to bring the world federation about, how to name the founding members, how to delegate powers to it. The members became "enraged," accused each other of "political immaturity," and demanded that the charters of affiliated groups be revoked. Finally a deep schism left the parent organization with only half of its membership. The group that sought to unite the world could not even remain united itself.

How, then, can we get world government?

The Political Problem

This, of course, is a political problem. The Soviet Union does not trust the West; the West, I hope, does not trust the Soviet Union. Whatever the chances of reaching agreement on some aspect of atomic disarmament, neither is likely to submit to a world government controlled by the other. Neither is likely to submit to a government controlled by others, if such a thing were possible, without the right to nullify decisions taken by these others. The example of the veto in the Security Council allows us to be as certain of this as we have to be. But the right to nullify decisions taken in important matters is incompatible with government.

Thus, the advocates of world government must explain how they intend to get the consent of the Soviet Union; for, even if the West believed in the necessity of world government, the political situation would be determined by the existence of a powerful Communist Russia rigidly controlled by a Central Committee that appears unlikely to agree to any non-Communist world government. There are two paths to consent: persuasion and force. The devotees of world government must get the consent of the Soviet Union by persuasion, but this seems impossible; or by force, which means, in the present state of armaments, by atomic war. But it is atomic war that we are trying to avoid!

It seems to me that the advocates of world government do not understand the political situation. To say, as Robert M. Hutchins does, that "men will fight until they get their rights," is to lose sight of the fact that men have also fought to get more than their rights, and, furthermore, overlooks the fact that men sometimes have peculiar notions as to their rights. Less than any generation in the history of the West can we deny that there are sometimes madmen in power who are willing to commit any crime at any cost, even at a cost involving the lives of millions of people, in the name of an unjust cause, which they, in their madness, call their rights.

The conclusion is this: we cannot persuade the Soviets to join a non-Communist world government; we cannot force them to join by any method short of atomic war; there can be no world government without them.

The usual objection to this analysis is that whatever the disagreements separating the United States and the Soviet Union, they are insignificant beside the massive agreement that there must be no atomic war. The threat of the bomb compels this agreement, and the agreement is the required foundation of world government. According to one of the world federalists, "the argument for world government is simple and irrefutable."

It is indeed simple, but it is not irrefutable. If the only agreement is the fear of atomic annihilation, the first concern of the world government must be to guard against the bomb. All the existing bombs, or at least all that are *supposed* to exist, will have been turned over to the World State to be guarded, somehow, someplace, by a mixed force of political janissaries — probably Swedes and Indians. But everyone will agree that this is not enough: it will also be necessary to guard against the future production of the bomb. This will require a police force, with the power to inspect everywhere at any time, and without a warrant. Its purpose will be to prevent the manufacture of the bomb and to ferret out potential manufacturers of the bomb —that is, anyone against whom there is the slightest suspicion. This will require eternal vigilance and rigorous methods. No world parliament can be allowed to filibuster while an accusation stands against one of the member states; it cannot be allowed in any way to stand against the swift intervention of the police force. The World Parliament would probably become the equivalent of the impotent Supreme Soviet; the head of the police force would probably have to intervene in the Parliament, shouting, as Cromwell did in another par-

liament, "Come, come, I will put an end to your prating." In short, world government based only on the fear of the bomb will be world despotism.

The Philosophical Problem

Even if we concede for a moment that this description of the world state is imaginary, we cannot, it seems to me, deny that it is possible. The question is, How *probable* is worldwide despotism? It seems especially probable if the threat of universal destruction is regarded as a greater evil than universal despotism, for this means that those who advocate world government will accept despotism in order to avoid destruction and, perhaps, even the threat of destruction. One is permitted to wonder whether that simple insight to which civilization is indebted—that there are greater evils than death and that there are some things for which men will give their lives—yet survives in modern man. Even we ought to know, as others knew 2,500 years ago, that fear is the principle of tyranny.

Many advocates of world government concede that agreement based on fear alone is not enough, that there must be agreement on positive goals; that people must be united not by fear but by common principles; that these common principles will conduce to mutual trust; and that with mutual trust there can be freedom. I would certainly agree that there is a relation between trust and freedom, and that without the one the other cannot exist. Let us then discuss the conditions under which mutual trust is possible.

In the interest of brevity let us say that there can be mutual trust when men pursue the same positive goals, which may be described as the purposes for which men live. At present there is considerable disagreement on goals. Some people, for example, worship graven images, others regard the worship of graven images as an abomination; some people regard certain animals as sacred, others regard them as unclean, and still others look upon them as food; some achieve salvation by dying in battle, others by turning the other cheek; some believe in private enterprise and seek to amass material wealth, others believe in limiting private enterprise in the

name of social objectives, still others believe in the classless society. One might deplore some of those beliefs, but one may not ignore them at a time when people riot over the question of printing streetcar signs in Tamil or in Singhalese. Whether a world government could be non-despotic depends on the possibility of replacing mutual suspicion with mutual trust, and this seems to depend on the possibility of replacing these disparate beliefs, these disparate ways of life, with a way of life common to all peoples.

But the existing differences concern matters of importance; they concern what the peoples involved regard as the most important things; and most of these people simply do not believe that death is the greatest of all evils. If these differences were of no consequence to the peoples involved, we might expect the Jews and Arabs, for example, to form a united "Israbia," and to live and prosper in a peaceful Middle East. At present this prospect seems, at the least, remote.

A world federalist might argue that the trouble in the Middle East lies not in the religious diversity, but in the anachronistic political institutions. What is needed, according to this version, is a federal constitution to which all Jews and Arabs can repair: in other words, the rule of law.

The Arab would probably reply, Jewish law administered by Jews or Arabian law administered by Arabs? And the Jew, who, after all, has had some experience living under other people's law, most recently under the Nazi laws, knows that the written law is only words until the substance of that law is defined and someone is appointed to administer it. To argue that nations must live under the rule of world law is to say no more than that the nations should unite under a world government, and how this can be achieved without despotism is the problem we are investigating.

A non-despotic world government in which men trust one another and in which, therefore, freedom is pos-

sible, would require agreement on the positive goals to be pursued by that government or by that law. There are two possible ways to achieve this agreement on positive goals: faith and knowledge. A universal faith in the rightness of the goals, or a universal knowledge of the rightness of the goals.

To be hopeful of this universal knowledge we must believe, first, that knowledge of the right life is accessible to human reason alone, without the support of faith; and, second, that this knowledge is within reach of practically everyone. In other words, we must believe that philosophy, as it was originally understood, is possible; and that most people can be philosophers. There are men who have argued that knowledge of the right life is accessible to unassisted human reason, but few sane men have argued that this knowledge is within the reach of most men. Certainly this hope has proved to be illusory. If, to state the hope succinctly, philosophy was expected to become the property of public opinion, what has happened is that public opinion has replaced philosophy; that is, public opinion now performs in large part the role once performed by philosophy—it is the arbiter of what is praised and blamed.

As for a universal faith, on the basis of historical evidence alone we are prevented from believing in its possibility. Anyone who believes differently can prove his case by converting the Moslems to Judaism or the Jews to Islam, or both to Christianity. It is, of course, conceivable that the Jews and Arabs could reach an agreement that would permit them to live in peace, but it is inconceivable that they could subscribe to the common faith needed to live under one government—*so long as the faiths they now profess are not corrupted.*

I have argued that the envisaged democratic world government is a mirage; that, far from being a government of limited powers ruled through a world parliament, whose citizens exercise a large amount of personal freedom, it would be a vast bureaucracy, highly centralized, and controlled by men who had no choice, and in all likelihood no inclination, but to be despots. This is readily demonstrated if the only basis of such a government were the fear of the atomic bomb. But a world government based on positive principles would be equally despotic because of the impossibility of getting all men to give their consent freely to those principles, unless, as I indicated a moment ago, the principles they now profess are corrupted *and* replaced with a principle common to all mankind. This is not impossible. In fact, we have seen it done in our own lifetimes. We have seen a relatively decent regime corrupted and replaced by the most malignant principle ever to gain power over an erstwhile civilized people. We have seen Nazi Germany, where the common principle that had to be found to unite the people was manufactured and promulgated to the public under the trademark of the Master Race.

A New Master Plan

This, I think, is the case against world government, and anyone who thinks seriously of uniting the peoples of the world under one government is obliged, by all the nobility of which we know the human soul to be capable, to reflect with all the wisdom at his command on the probable character of a set of principles to which the whole of mankind can subscribe. What is it that can replace the disparate faiths and ideas by which men now live? At a time of economic distress for millions, perhaps for billions; at a time of grave anxiety, of raging nationalism, of hatred of former masters and present neighbors; at a time, it would not be untrue to say, when the world is a macrocosm of Germany on the eve of Hitler, what is the probable character of the principles that would unite the world? I am suggesting that we may in fact be witnessing the corruption of the old ways, but that if we insist on a single new master plan, that way will be infinitely worse.

World government is not impossible. The spread of technocracy might very well destroy the old principles, the old ways, the old faiths, and in the process create the conditions for a uniformity of opinion throughout the world. But technocracy, with its devotion to exalting then satisfying the appetites or of supplying our "vulgar wants," as Macaulay said, with its engineers of consent and social scientists trying to obliterate the essential difference between men and the lower animals, might also make it more difficult for free government to exist anywhere in the world.

World government is indeed possible in our time, but a world government of, by and for the people is an illusion evoked, today, by our fear of atomic annihilation. Surely no American can be excused for thinking that the establishment of a more perfect union of states inhabited by free men is a simple matter of convening an assembly of delegates, however representative and however well-meaning.

PROFESSOR REISCHAUER

(Continued from p. 244)

stand why this is beneficial, he has not heard the professor's lucid explanation: ". . . the strengthening of China might merely heighten the inner contradiction of the Communist system which cannot tolerate two equal and independent sources of authority." A beefed-up China, then, might break away from the Soviet Union. (It might also take over all of Southeast Asia, but that doesn't seem to worry the professor.) Reischauer also advocates the old Liberal stand-bys in his book: recognition of Red China and its admittance to the UN. He politely suggests the U.S. should abandon "American colonial rule" over Okinawa and the Ryukus and says the U.S. should not oppose "neutralism" in India, Indonesia and —guess where?—Japan, since neutralism is one of Communism's "most dangerous enemies."

And somehow the professor manages to imply that, as part of our policy in Asia, the Congress should no longer investigate Communism. Presumably after a careful sample conducted by Dr. Gallup, the professor contends: "For each red or pink who may have been uncovered by McCarthyist techniques . . . it seems probable that ten thousand Asians have been lost to democracy's cause and many millions of other Asians nudged a step farther toward the Communist side."[1]

1. Since over 600 million Asians have been lost to democracy's cause, and since McCarthyist techniques uncovered one Red for every 10,000 Asians lost to democracy's cause, Professor Reischauer evidently concludes that McCarthyist techniques have uncovered 60,000 Reds.

The Third World War

Needed: A Blow

JAMES BURNHAM

Washington

A twenty-four-hour visit cannot count as evidence, but it is hard to avoid impressions. One such emerged from all but two of a couple of dozen conversations: that there continues to be great good will in Washington for the new, young President. This is not limited to those who have got, or are hoping for, favors, or to Democrats. The good will is widely spread, to all but the ideologically hardened, or the thoroughly disillusioned. It penetrates the bureaucracy, and in particular the ranks of high level specialists attached to the more or less non-political military intelligence and foreign policy agencies. It is strong in the huge foreign contingent, and it tempers the professional cynicism of the higher social echelons that record so sensitively, in their own special code, the intricate power relationships.

Burnham

This good will is in part a response to the intelligence, liveliness and charm of the President and his wife. I heard not a single adverse word of Mrs. Kennedy: and is it not a fine thing to have a First Lady who goes to the National Gallery because she really likes to look at the pictures hanging there, not to have her own picture taken; who can talk discerningly about books and plays and places; who dresses so elegantly and is so very good looking? Because Mr. Kennedy consigned so much of his past to the pursuit of the Presidential office, there are important matters about which he knows little. But everyone agrees that he is very bright, and able to learn meanings as well as facts at a prodigious rate. (Scores of the courtiers are taking the new-fangled training in speed-reading to keep up with President Kennedy's astounding word-velocity per minute.)

Among older Washington hands there is also a different ground for good will, touched with sadness and resignation. Many of these veterans see the new President as a young David facing the Soviet Goliath—but with no God-granted guarantee of the outcome; a youthful Perseus flying toward the dragon without benefit of magic sword or shield; a boyish Atlas bent under the strangling load of the million-armed bureaucratic octopus.

Burden of Atlas

Those happy citizens who have never had to hack their way through the jungle of official Washington are likely to underestimate the degree to which sheer bureaucratic inertia determines the policies of our government. It is this tidal inertia, very often, that accounts for actions—and non-actions—that from the outside may seem the result of stupidity, laziness or villainy. Many a brave and lofty idea is launched from an eager Washington desk. In nearly every case it perishes from suffocation under the bureaucratic fungus. The ideas that come from the desk of a President are no exception.

On March 15, President Kennedy's brave and lofty words about Laos re-echoed through Washington's corridors and salons. There was an answering thrill of hope in many hearts long hardened into indifference. The dreary negations of official policy have made us sometimes forget that there are in Washington thousands of citizens who, as individuals, are both competent and loyal, and often, because of their vantage point, more knowledgeable than the rest of us.

The President's brave words meant to them: maybe at last, after so many years of lethargy and creeping retreat, a turn has started. Perhaps this young Atlas will by some miracle prove able to march forward even under his wearisome load, to plunge through the cloying syrups of his own advisers and the murky formulas of his British peer.

As the weeks have gone by, these first eager hopes have dried. It is the bureaucratic colossus and oozing words that seem still the stronger.

It may be the case—and I heard this case made by a thoroughly experienced strategist who is at the opposite pole from appeasement—that a strategic turn from our retreating defensive cannot be made in Laos. The strategic situation is, for our side, very difficult and perhaps impossible. And Laos is a poor issue to take to the American people, even to its most anti-Communist wing.

If Not Laos, Then . . . ?

It is not Laos that is crucially important. What is crucial is that we should *somewhere*, in *some* theater or on *some* vital issue, make a stand of unconditional firmness: that we should strike a blow against the enemy. That blow will reverberate around the world, and will mark, or could mark, the decisive turn.

If not Laos at this moment, then there are three alternatives immediately presented: Geneva, the Congo, Cuba. The President could order the sterile test ban negotiations broken off, and tests resumed. He could push our Congo policy free of the UN noose. He could order all-out backing for the anti-Castro revolt.

The first two seem unlikely for the present. Very well. They, and Laos, can come later. Then it must be Cuba. From the signs now posted, the anti-Castro revolt does seem to have Mr. Kennedy's backing. That is not enough: the backing must be *all-out*. When once the Cuban operation gets really going, with a definite area under anti-Castro control, then it must be carried through with overwhelming power, maximum speed, and total success. Failure would be a catastrophe beyond calculation. Unduly drawing the process out would lose most of the advantages of eventual success.

Quick, clear-cut victory in Cuba would not by itself accomplish the full turn away from the defensive: we would be retracing a retreat, not advancing to new ground. But without a victory before too long, the retreat may extend beyond turning.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Would Federal School Subsidies Bring Equality?

Even if there is no demonstrated immediate financial crisis in the public schools, the advocates of the federal school-aid bills argue, still federal subsidies are needed to create equality of opportunity in the public schools of the several states. But I think that the bills now before Congress would accomplish no such end.

Kirk

It is popular in NEA circles to lament the fancied plight of children in the schools of Mississippi or Arkansas. Now I doubt very much whether the average pupil in those states is more badly schooled than the average pupil in the schools of New York City; but let that pass. It is true enough that certain Southern states spend less per capita, conspicuously, than do Northern states—though school costs are lower in various ways south of the Mason-Dixon line, one ought not to forget. But President Eisenhower's White House Conference on Education concluded, among many other things, that any state can afford a decent educational system, if that state's citizens desire such.

This being true, to grant federal subsidies to the states which had refused to spend enough money on their own schools would be rewarding lethargy and penalizing the other states that already raise enough money for schooling. And it is worth noting that the so-called "poorer" states that theoretically would benefit most from such a redistribution of wealth are, most of them, Southern states that oppose plans for federal aid to education, they being uneasy—with good reason—concerning the controls which the federal government would enforce. It seems to me strange and imprudent to force money upon districts and states which have strongly declared their dislike of the whole scheme.

And, practically speaking, there seems to be no chance of passing any bill that would benefit only a handful of less prosperous states. If the congressmen from the richer states consent to any federal aid bill, it can be only one that promises money to their own states. Such a system of federal aid would leave the poorer states little better off, relatively, than they are today. Senator McNamara, a hot hater of the South, has declared himself thoroughly opposed to the Administration's tentative distribution-formula that would have favored somewhat the poorer states; and Senator McNamara and his friends, being the most ardent advocates of federal subsidies in general, very probably will have their way in the final version of any federal aid school bill.

Creating Inequality

And even if inequality of educational opportunity among the states could be redressed, still federal financing of the schools would produce new forms of inequality and positive discrimination. President Kennedy has declared that he will not stand for federal grants to parochial and private schools. Even if he did support such legislation, probably the present Supreme Court would declare such assistance unconstitutional. If federal subsidies were refused to the Catholic, Lutheran, Christian Reformed, and private schools throughout the country, many of these would have a very hard row to hoe. Though they may survive the high rates of local and state taxation for public schools, the addition of federal income tax levies to the public school bill might break the back of the supporters of parochial and private schools. (A good many advocates of federal school aid, including Dr. James Conant, view this prospect with equanimity, to say the least—indeed, for such gentlemen the possibility of ruining non-public schools is one of the chief motives, avowed or secret, for forcing a federal aid bill through Congress by high-pressure lobbying.) Subventions from Washington, in short, can create inequality, as well as reduce it. All believers in church-connected or private schools, which now enroll about 16 per cent of the total number of pupils in America, would pay heavily in income tax for school subsidies from which their own children would derive no benefit.

Schooling and Morality

One hears it argued, naively or disingenuously, that because public education is "a matter of national concern," the school bills should be paid, in considerable part, from Washington. But many matters of national concern, nevertheless, rightfully are left to state and local governments, or to private life. Marriage and divorce are matters of national concern; but it does not follow that marriage licenses ought to be issued by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. The prevention of crime is a matter of national concern; but few argue that the Federal Bureau of Investigation ought to subsidize state and local police departments.

Not seldom, indeed, I hear educationists declare that the high rate of crime among Southerners—Negro or white—now resident in Chicago or Detroit or Cleveland or New York is the result of the inferior education they have received in their native states; so we ought to reform schooling away down South at national expense. This is nonsense. Has Northern schooling made native New Yorkers and Detroiters and Chicagoans perfectly virtuous? Is it possible, indeed, to prove any close relationship between private morality and formal schooling? What the uprooted Southerners in the Northern cities suffer from is not a deficiency of courses in Social Studies, but rather the collapse of community: they are bored, discontented, and alienated from their new city life. All the jargon of Dewey, Kilpatrick and Counts would not stop one mugging in Central Park.

Poetry and Such

A Stilton Catechized Upon a Table

HUGH KENNER

Every critic should be required to present his credentials. Mine culminate in this: that I was once the witness to a full-dress performance of the Critical Act: not a Pateresque extravaganza nor an epigram fired from the hip, but an expert paradogmatic demonstration, no phase omitted. It was performed on November 19, 1956, at his Club in London, by a Man of Letters who will not mind remaining anonymous.

Kenner

When we had dealt with the jugged hare (which was perhaps neither jugged nor hare; I was never sure) the Critic addressed his mind to our next theme. "Now, will you have a sweet; or . . . *cheese*?" Even one not conversant with his letter to the *Times* on the declining estate of Stilton would have understood that the countersign was *cheese*. I said, Why, cheese: too lightly, I fear. One does not crash in upon the mysteries. There was a touch of reproof in his prolongation of the ceremony: "Are you sure? You can have ice cream, you know." (In the Club!)

I said, No, cheese. He then said, "Very well. I fancy . . . a fine Stilton." He despatched the waiter for Stilton, and then imparted the most momentous confidence of our interview: "Never commit yourself to a cheese . . . without having first . . . *examined* it."

The Stilton lay, or stood, on a board, encumbered with a sort of swaddling-band, girded about with a cincture, and scooped out on top like a crater of the moon. It was placed in front of my mentor. With the side of his knife-blade he commenced tapping the circumference of the cheese, rotating it before him, his head cocked in a listening posture. I will not swear that he was listening. He then tapped the inner walls of the crater. He then dug about with the point of his knife amid the fragments contained by the crater. He then said: "Rather past its prime. I am afraid I cannot recommend it."

The Stilton vanished. In an awesome silence we awaited the substitute offering. It was a board upon which stood half a dozen assorted cheeses. Some were identifiably cheeses only in context. One resembled sponge cake spattered with chocolate syrup, though I believe it was not. Another, a pockmarked toadstool-yellow, exuded green flecks. The Man of Letters took up again his knife, and each of these he tapped, he prodded, he sounded. At length he segregated a ruddy specimen: "That is a rather fine Red Cheshire . . . which *you* might enjoy." I did not enquire into this decision.

His attention was now bent on the toadstool-yellow specimen. This he tapped. This he prodded. This he poked. This he scraped. He then summoned the waiter.

"What is that?"

Apologetic ignorance of the waiter.

"Could we find out?"

Disappearance of the waiter. Two more waiters replace him.

"?"

"— — —"

He assumed, at this silence, a mask of Holmesian exaltation:

"Aha! An Anonymous Cheese!"

He then took the Anonymous Cheese beneath his left hand, and the knife in his right hand, the thumb along the back of the blade as though to pare an apple. He then achieved with aplomb the impossible feat of paring off a long slice. He ate this, attentively. He then transferred the Anonymous Cheese to the plate before him, and with no further memorable words proceeded without assistance to the consumption of the entire Anonymous Cheese.

"Analysis and comparison," this man wrote some forty years earlier, "Analysis and comparison, methodically, with sensitiveness, intelligence, curiosity, intensity of passion and infinite knowledge: all these are necessary to the great critic." I leave as an exercise to the reader the correlation between these phrases and the remarkable demonstration with the cheeses.

But many, the mail indicates, prefer Kraft, the quality of which you need not really care for, but which it is safe to count on; guaranteed by the package, squared off in a glutinous slab. We are grown as sensitive to certain empty niceties of print as to nuances of packaging: paucity of capital letters or spareness of punctuation are worrisome. It is very comforting to look at a page like this one, laid out in three uniform columns; very upsetting to find a lot of white space around the words (though meditation, which many poems imitate, has often the equivalent of much white space around the words). *Vers libre*, fifty years ago, occasioned much distress among occasional spectators of the poet's craft; but it seems unlikely that metrical complexity worries any casual reader of verse today so much as he is worried by the mere look of the page. He insists on *seeing* the structure, or he will fold his honest arms and assert that none is present.

This point is far from trivial, though criticism has had little or nothing to say about it. Mr. Robert Creeley, writing of wooden figures (NR, February 11)—

> In
> the act of making them
>
> it must have been
> so still he heard the wood
> and felt it with his hands
>
> moving into
> the forms
> he has given to them.
>
> one by singular
> one, so quiet,
> so still.

—is *using* the surrounding silence of the paper to complement the studied,

(Continued on p. 263)

Chesterton

EVELYN WAUGH

The publishers claim for *Chesterton: Man and Mask* that it is a book of which Chesterton would have approved. There is certainly nothing in it —except perhaps the disparagement of Belloc—likely to cause positive offense, but it has two features which might have displeased its subject. First, its genesis. It is the thesis for a doctorate. The writing of theses has become a very prominent part in the American educational process, not only by aspiring doctors but, it seems, at high schools. Research is no longer confined to recondite subjects and foreign texts; popular modern work is investigated with equal zeal and greater ease. The fashion bears hard on contemporary writers, particularly if they are Catholics, for there are not a great number of modern Catholic writers in English and it is natural for Catholic teachers to direct their pupils towards them. Even the dimmest are beset by importunate adolescents: "I have chosen you for English. Please tell me what first influenced you to write." Chesterton did not live to suffer from the craze but he is a writer of the modern world to this extent, that it is a grave reproach to suppose that his work needs elucidation. A writer who cannot make his meaning clear to his own generation and their immediate successors is a bad writer. Chesterton, of all men of our times, wrote especially for the common man, repeating in clear language his simple, valuable messages.

A second cause which Chesterton might have for complaint, is Mr. Wills' literary style. It is not uniformly bad. Indeed, again and again he shows himself capable of constructing a grammatical, even an elegant, sentence. But not always—and the jargon of the lecture room keeps slipping in—"existential," "dialectic," "normative," "experiential," "complementarity"—in a way which would have set the teeth on edge in the head of the old journalist.

Chesterton: Man and Mask, by Garry Wills. Sheed and Ward, $4.50

Chesterton was notoriously inaccurate; Mr. Wills thinks wilfully so. He not only applauds but emulates this trait. It would be tedious to pick out all his errors. Let two suffice. He says that the author of the "Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine" wrote "nothing but the shortest poems." In his brief account of the Marconi scandal he introduces three mysterious characters named "Isaac and Samuel Rufus and Henry Isaacs" whom the astute reader may tentatively identify as Rufus and Godfrey Isaacs and Herbert Samuel.

These criticisms made, one can turn to Mr. Wills' virtues. He is a young man without the dandyism proper to his years, but he is also free of adolescent prurience. The title *Man and Mask* raised apprehensions of an attempt at exposure. It has become commonly accepted nowadays that any man's idiosyncrasies of appearance or manner are a disguise deliberately adopted to conceal some fear or vice. *Persona* is one of the cant terms of modern criticism, and modern critics regard it as their function to strip their subject of its protective mask. They should take notice of Max Beerbohm's *Happy Hypocrite*. The mask, the style, *is* the man.

Mr. Wills to his great credit shows no inclination to expose Chesterton. There are questions which do titillate curiosity: what, if any, were his homosexual adventures at the Slade? To what extent, if at all, was he ever in danger of becoming a serious drunkard? The obesity which he bore like a *panache* must have been morbid. The physical health of an artist, like his financial means, is something which a critic may reasonably consider an influence on his work. How much was Chesterton, how much Belloc, really driven by financial need to the over-production which oppressed them both? How much was it the product of a nervous restlessness and sloth? For profusion can be slothful. It requires more effort to do a small thing really well than do many things carelessly. Mr. Wills, with commendable restraint, denies himself the investigation of these problems. He concerns himself very little with the events and circumstances of Chesterton's life. He has contented himself with a study of his written work and has been assiduous in pursuing it in all its huge ephemeral bulk.

There used (and I daresay there still is) to be a company of ladies at the Hollywood film studios whose task it was to tell stories to the directors and producers who lacked the aptitude of reading. They used to peruse all the literature of their time, contemporary and classic, and spin a comprehensive yarn to the assembled company. Now and then they would strike a spark from those flinty imaginations and a voice would proclaim: "That's for me. Go buy it."

Mr. Wills has performed a similar service for Chesterton. He has read everything and he presents us with a conscientious, if clumsy, précis. He begins his book by suggesting some questions that require solution. He then plods through his work taking it, book by book, poem by poem, essay by essay, and telling us what it is about. At the end he honestly admits failure. "This book," he admits, "opened with a series of questions which, when I wrote the first pages, I hoped in some measure to answer. Now I know that is impossible."

As a small boy I possessed a book called *The Conjuror at Home* which

opened with the valuable advice: "Never tell your audience in advance what you propose to do. It may not come off." Mr. Wills might have heeded this advice. If he had said in his opening chapter: "I propose to read everything Chesterton ever wrote and prove that I have done so," we should have applauded his stamina. If his examiners merely require evidence of hard reading, he deserved his doctorate *cum laude*, for Chesterton's output was vast, as is also (it comes as a surprise to this reviewer to learn) the volume of critical studies written about him. It is hard to conceive that Mr. Wills' exegesis will greatly illumine the general reader.

For him, as for this reviewer, Chesterton is primarily the author of the *Everlasting Man*. In that book all his random thoughts are concentrated and refined; all his aberrations made straight. It is a great, popular book, one of the few really great popular books of the century; the triumphant assertion that a book can be both great and popular. And it needs no elucidation. It is brilliantly clear. It met a temporary need and survives as a permanent monument. Besides this, Chesterton wrote a number of memorable and delightful verses, notably *Lepanto*. He was a lovable and much loved man abounding in charity and humility. Humility is not a virtue propitious to the artist. It is often pride, emulation, avarice, malice—all the odious qualities—which drive a man to complete, elaborate, refine, destroy, renew, his work until he has made something that gratifies his pride and envy and greed. And in doing so he enriches the world more than the generous and good, though he may lose his own soul in the process. That is the paradox of artistic achievement.

It was a happy chance that Chesterton lived before the era of television. His gifts, his amiability, his very simple eccentricities would have tempted him to become one of the great performers on that damning machine. He lived on the edge of the chasm. Men still had to express themselves in writing until Chesterton was too well habituated to literature to learn new tricks. Living today his words would be lost, his prestige prodigious and his renown brief.

Midnight at Midcentury

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

"Three gulls wheel above the broken boxes, orangerinds, spoiled cabbage heads that heave between the splintered plank walls, the green waves spume under the round bows as the ferry, skidding on the tide, crashes, gulps the broken water, slides, settles slowly into the slip . . ."

So John Dos Passos, more than thirty-five years ago, brought Bud Korpenning to New York in *Manhattan Transfer*. This was 1925; and what a time it was for the American

***JOHN DOS PASSOS:* ". . . a book so boldly conceived and so brilliantly executed that younger innovators are outdistanced in a dozen pages."**

novel! This same year saw Scott Fitzgerald's *Great Gatsby*, Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith*, Sherwood Anderson's *Dark Laughter*, Ellen Glasgow's *Barren Ground*, and John Erskine's *Private Life of Helen of Troy*. Hemingway was at work on *The Sun Also Rises*, and Faulkner on *Mosquitoes*.

How few remain of that fabulous crew; and alas, how most of the survivors have declined! Hemingway's last novel was a disappointment, Faulkner's *Fable* a misfire. The others are dead; new names compete. And many a casual observer must have imagined that in terms of the novel, Dos Passos was dead too, his river of fiction run dry and his ebbing energies channeled instead to history and biography.

How wrong, how wrong! This spring brings his *Midcentury*, and it is the Dos Passos of old: *"Walking the earth under the stars, musing midnight in midcentury, a man treads the road with his dog."* Thus he begins, with a sort of author's prologue, spun from a night in the Northern Neck of Virginia. This is the Dos

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***Midcentury*, by John Dos Passos. Houghton, $5.95**

Passos who *"senses smells: the frosted pasture and the cold loblollies, the warmsweet of cows, and perhaps a hint of the passing of a skunk; hears the hoot, hoot-hoot of the horned owl, as full of faraway foreboding as the hoot of a woodburning locomotive heard across the plains as a child long ago . . ."* Midnight in midcentury, and suddenly the night hunter's dog yelps in the underbrush:

"Furry bodies jostle in the dark among the broken twigs. Fangs snap, claws tear; barks, growls, snarls, panting breath as jaws close on the soft hairs under the throat. A shriek, not animal not human, a shriek of unembodied agony rips the night. In the silence my dog panting drags a thick carcass through the brambles out on the road and places at her master's feet in the starlight a beautiful raccoon that was alive, and is dead."

With that allegory Dos Passos begins his book. "This much," he says, "Is true." And we are left to interpret his bestiary as we please. Driving a four-horse team, reins knotted in a powerful hand, the novelist is off on a book so boldly conceived and so brilliantly executed that younger innovators are outdistanced in a dozen pages.

To remark that this is "the Dos Passos of old" is to miss an essential point. Some of the surface techniques are familiar—the compressed adjectives, the live verbs, the muscular narrative style, the photomontages of headlines used so effectively in *U.S.A.* There is more than this. The clumsy dialectical writing of *Manhattan Transfer* is gone now; his dialogue is surer; his night-hunter's ear, trained to the nuances of a hound's distant cry, has caught the human voice as well. His people come alive; and out of the pages, they talk directly to us.

Dos Passos, to be sure, is not only poet and novelist; he is a trenchant social historian as well, and it is in this field that the "new" Dos Passos emerges most clearly. The Marxian dreams of his twenties are ended; the beautiful thing that the IWW might have been lies like the raccoon in the starlight: It was alive, and is dead. Reality, now. And the precious freedoms of the individual worker, the dignity of labor, the reward of merit, the rights of the working man —Dos Passos hears the claws tear, and the fangs snap, and the shriek of agony as freedom perishes.

He is bitter, yes. But this is not a bitter book. Dos Passos does not write of the tyrannies and corruptions of organized labor in any polemic sense. Little by little he turns a milled wheel, and the turret of his microscope picks up the bacterial life, the tiny swimming forms, the healthy tissues and the unseen parasitic ills that prey upon society. *This is our midcentury.* He observes it, reports it, prepares his clinical notes. An investigator for the McClellan Committee, anonymous, dispassionate, moves through the pages getting interviews; and Dos Passos, invisible, faceless as a court reporter, methodically transcribes the evidence.

"Anti-labor?" In an era of empty epithet, the meaningless label doubtless will be pasted on *Midcentury.* But Dos Passos, who is novelist-historian and historian-novelist, can ignore the flimsy charge. His theme is bright swords, the keen edge of the abuse of power, the rusting of courage dulled. His story is of man's integrity and what is happening to it. His chronicle is of the variety that is nature's law, and of the uniformity that is crushing it. These ancient themes in the hands of a contemporary historian cannot be said to paint some picket's ugly sign: Dos Passos Unfair to Organized Labor. What monstrous unfairness has organized labor done to itself? The novelist-historian asks the question; and if the indictment he composes arouses anguish on the Left, so be it.

This is, I believe, Dos Passos' best novel by far. It is a book to be read aloud, a book to come back to, as intricately compelling as a tapestry seen many times yet never quite revealed. At 65, Dos Passos has learned his weaver's art surpassing well. His brooding eye perceives the fate of a civilization in which "hate remains to choke out good, to strangle the still small private voice that is God's spark in man." He knots his thread, and clips the last loose ends, and returns from his musing midnight walk. Shuffling his feet in the roadside gravel, he sees what Gibbon saw in the Roman Forum, what Shelley's returning traveler discovered in the ancient land: Here, he says, "sometimes we used to find spent arrowheads of the Powhatans."

Stormy Pontificates

ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN

SEVEN years ago Mr. E.E.Y. Hales, an Englishman and Catholic, gave to a grateful public a delightful study of Pio Nono who reigned from 1846 to 1878 and was the first pope to exceed the "years of Peter." During those thirty-two years he dallied with Liberalism only to be forced into exile by its partisans; then turned conservative, lost the states of the Church to Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, and scandalized the Liberal world with his *Syllabus of Errors;* he summoned the last Council of the Church and defined papal infallibility. Around him, both as Pope and as prince of the Roman state, beat the most violent political storms of the last century. Mr. Hale's new book, *Revolution and Papacy,* is not a sequel but a preface to *Pio Nono.* Its scope is the previous six pontificates of which some, by comparison, make Pio Nono's seem almost tranquil.

***Revolution and Papacy*, by E. E. Y. Hales. Hanover House, $4.50**

The Catholic world has become so accustomed in the last hundred years to a free and vigorous exercise of the magisterial authority of the Holy See, that it is not easy to realize how enfeebled that was in the eighteenth century. By the 1760s the Catholic rulers in Europe were acting toward the Church much after the fashion of Henry VIII of England, stopping short only at schism.

Through cardinals equipped with veto-exclusives they prevented election to the tiara of the *zelante* likely to challenge their conduct; and with their *placets* they could silence the voice of Rome in their kingdoms. Nowhere in the Western world was the Church less free than in Catholic Europe; and not even in England, where the law still named the Mass as treason, were the Jesuits—"janis-

Books of Interest

The Fifty-Year Decline and Fall of Hollywood, by Ezra Goodman (Simon & Schuster, $5.95). An irritated, sharply amusing mass of complaints about the picture industry: its phenomena, its *personae,* its manic and depressive peculiarities.

Congress and the American Tradition, by James Burnham (Regnery, $6.50). As timely as the new Administration, but a classic of political analysis.

The Bachelors, by Muriel Spark (Lippincott, $3.95). A half-daffy, half-harrowing meditation on the fate of those numerous males who believe in self-preserving singleness at any price —by the most original comic novelist to appear in England since Evelyn Waugh.

The Lost Towns and Roads of America, by J. R. Humphreys (Doubleday, $4.95). A random account in text and photographs of a trip across an America locked in time; a country of bleached Nevada towns with opera houses long abandoned, of Iowa roads that dwindle into patches of hollyhocks.

saries of the pope"— so hated and feared as at the courts of Portugal, Spain and Naples. To banish them, said the Neapolitan minister Tanucci (in the spirit and style of our own totalitarian age) was "as necessary for the peace and security of princes as expectoration from the human body." The Catholic sovereigns combined to force Pope Clement XIV to dissolve the Society in 1773, thus writing what the late Pius XI called "a painful page in our history." Mr. Hales calls this submission to force "the most serious defeat the Church had suffered since Luther's revolt."

Worse was to follow in Pius VI's reign when the Emperor Joseph embarked on his career of ruler and reformer of all things ecclesiastical in his wide dominions and encouraged other princes to do likewise. Joseph's own subjects brought him to his senses, but not until after he had made a precedent for the French Revolution to follow in adopting the Civil Constitution for the Clergy, which produced schism and led on to the overthrow and persecution of the Catholic faith and its priests.

What the monarchs of Europe started, the Revolution carried to logical conclusion, and Tocqueville's famous interpretation of the revolution in France is reinforced and further illustrated in the history of the popes. Pius VI died in 1799 a prisoner of the French Republic. Pius VII, after eight years of yielding to Napoleon's demands and hoping against hope that somehow this reasonable man would learn the wisdom of respecting the freedom of the Church and the dignity of the Holy See, was made a prisoner too and was bullied by the Emperor into a near-surrender of essential rights of the papacy. When Napoleon was gone from Europe and an era of conservative principles transpired, sovereigns were more respectful to popes and the popes—at least so thinks Mr. Hales—were more deferential to sovereigns than they ought to have been. So the story goes until in Pio Nono's time the contest with arrogant state power and lawless revolution began anew.

Striking is the contrast between the experience of papacy and Church in Europe and the surgent Catholic life in the English-speaking world during the period reviewed by Mr. Hales. The old penal laws were abolished in England and Ireland; Catholics were admitted to Parliament; Irish missionary-architects of new branches of the Church moved over the face of the earth. The year the French Revolution broke out saw the institution of the See of Baltimore, and by the time Pio Nono was crowned with the tiara twenty-three dioceses had been formed in the new American Republic. Small wonder that the papacy too eventually called in the new world to redress the balance of the old.

A Celebration of Life

JOAN DIDION

"She's one of those John Cheever women," someone said to me of a friend's wife not long ago; I knew exactly what he meant, precisely what to expect of her. She would be a gentle woman, long on neither imagination nor wit, faithful unless pressed by sudden pity beyond some point of no return; she would have come from a place like Morristown, New Jersey, from a family that had once—a generation prior to that of anyone now living—had money. She would be a warrior about schools, be given to tears in the middle of the night, be loved by habit; she would have vague but urgent longings for some daffodils planted by a neighbor, for a house barely glimpsed, some ten years ago (before either of the children was born), on a back road near Marblehead.

Some People, Places, and Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel, **by John Cheever. Harper, $3.50**

She would be, in short, one of the disinherited, one of those who live in that trackless country of lost money and lost families charted by no one so well as by John Cheever. Like all of his stories and like his single novel, *The Wapshot Chronicle*, Cheever's new book, a collection of stories and fragments called *Some People, Places, and Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel*, is an anatomy of disinheritance. There is in it one story, for example, about a couple, Peaches and Gee Gee, condemned by Gee Gee's genius for antagonisms to wander from unincorporated town to unincorporated town. *("He remembered Peaches standing in the hallway at the Watermans' calling, 'Come back! Come back!' . . . She seemed to call after the sweetness of a summer's day—roses in bloom and all the doors and windows open in the garden. It was all there in her voice; it was like the illusion of an abandoned house in the last rays of the sun. A large place, falling to pieces, haunted for children and a headache for the police and fire departments, but, seeing it with its windows blazing in the sunset, one thinks that they have all come back.")*

There is another about a television writer making believe, on a holiday in a Tuscan castle, that he is a poet *("Our ideas of castles, formed in childhood, are inflexible, and why try to reform them? Why point out that in a real castle thistles grow in the courtyard, and the threshold of the ruined throne room is guarded by a nest of green adders? Here are the keep, the drawbridge, the battlements and towers that we took with our lead soldiers when we were down with the chicken pox")* another about a man drawn inexorably into the past by the reconstruction of a scene from childhood: a lowboy on a certain carpet, a silver pitcher full of chrysanthemums. *("Out they go—the Roman coins, the sea horse from Venice, and the Chinese fan. We can cherish nothing less than our random understanding of death and the earth-shaking love that draws us to one another. Down with the stuffed owl in the upstairs hall and the statue of Hermes on the newel post! Hock the ruby necklace, throw away the invitation to Buckingham Palace, jump up and down on the perfume atomizer from Murano and the Canton fish plates.")*

I suppose that Cheever and my mother and I belong to the last generations in America with a feeling for the unbearable pull of the Chinese fan, the Canton fish plates; I am told

that this sense of inextricable involvement with the past occurs infrequently even in my own generation. All of this means, perhaps, that Cheever is the matchless chronicler of a world that my children will never understand, a world caught in the ruins of a particular stratum of American society that somewhere along the way, probably during the 1920s, lost its will. But the point about Cheever is that he is doing something more than that chronicle; he has during the past few years been doing something that can only be described as (and I do not use such words easily) a celebration of life.

ALTHOUGH the urgency of this celebration has crept up gradually in Cheever's fiction, its elements were there early; two of his early stories, "Torch Song" and "The Season of Divorce," are as delicate and brilliant and suggestive and unforgettable as any written in English. They were, of course, *New Yorker* stories; that Cheever has written almost exclusively for the *New Yorker* has tended to trail red herring across his real intentions. One expects, there among the reminiscences of a childhood in South Africa and the heady aura of Patou's "Joy," a story of manners, a great tale about the day the 6:10 to Greenwich was delayed, about a girl seen once that afternoon and never again in the Oyster Bar at Grand Central. Cheever delivers that particular merchandise, but Cheever, somewhere between the Oyster Bar and the Upper Level, gets involved, and that involvement is the difference between a *New Yorker* story and a Cheever story.

Almost overcome by the variousness of life, he writes as if people and places and things crowded in upon him; he lives in a world that seems to have been already transmuted into fiction. Probably one of the few really first-rate pieces of fiction (along with J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood*, and William Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness*) written in America since the thirties, *The Wapshot Chronicle* surprised some, troubled others, seemed not even a novel to those brought up on twentieth-century fiction. What it was not was a sentimental novel; what it was not was a novel of manners. It was a novel more like *Tom Jones* than *Madame Bovary*, more like *Tristam Shandy* than *Pride and Prejudice*. (And more like any one of them than like the novels commonly written by "*New Yorker* writers.")

Cheever's compulsive perception of everything on the scene leads him down roads he cannot possibly follow, into *cul-de-sacs*, across rivers that do not, finally, interest him. In this new collection, each story is a kind of irrelevancy, a claim upon the attention as tenuous and yet urgent as that of the Chinese fans, the Canton fish plates. In one story, Cheever roughs in two endings: one that happened, one that "did not happen, and if it had, it would have thrown no light on what we know." He produces Aunt Louisa, smoking a cigar and wearing a fringed Spanish shawl ("She was an artist. . . . She tackled all the big subjects—the Rape of the Sabines, and the Sack of Rome"); he trots out a pretty girl wandering behind the crowds along the foul line at a Princeton-Dartmouth rugby game. (*"She seemed very shy. Someone opened a can of beer and passed it to her, and she stood and wandered again along the foul line and out of the pages of my novel because I never saw her again."*)

He introduces Royden Blake, a writer who (not unlike Cheever) goes through a period in which "he memorized the names of the Groton faculty and the bartenders at '21.'" On his deathbed, Blake tells a story about three travelers (*"a tall bald-headed man, wearing a sable-lined coat that reached to his ankles . . . a beautiful American woman going to Isvia to attend funeral services for her only son . . . a white-haired, heavy Italian woman in a black shawl, who was treated with great deference by the waiter"*) waylaid in an Alpine railroad station. Scarcely into his story, Royden Blake *"put his head on the pillow and died—indeed, these were his dying words, and the dying words, it seemed to me, of a generation of storytellers, for how could this snowy and trumped-up pass, with its trio of travelers, hope to celebrate a world that lies spread around us like a bewildering and stupendous dream?"*

In Cheever's own fiction, there may be *cul-de-sacs* and wrong turns, a Canton plate and a girl at a rugby game, an Aunt Louisa and a Royden Blake; but there are *no snowy passes, no trio of travelers.*

The Cold War without Communism

THOMAS MOLNAR

IT IS hard to take exception to Mr. Lukacs' brilliant book, *A History of the Cold War*, which modestly claims to chronicle a brief period, yet brings to its thesis the qualities of a historical-philosophical treatise. Yet we must reject it because it lends intellectual respectability to the disengagement experts who think that the Kremlin is turning into another Madison Avenue and that its masters thirst for fellowship and coexistence. This comes as a painful surprise to the author's friends, who would never expect Mr. Lukacs, a disciple of Tocqueville, to underrate the significance and power of ideologies, of Marxism.

It is true that his error is not of the Liberal-utopian kind which urges that politics be abolished and replaced by social engineering; in fact, he is exasperated by the simple-minded who seek the secret of world peace in space satellites and evenly

A History of the Cold War, by John Lukacs. Doubleday, $3.95

distributed power over the earth under a benevolent, avuncular United Nations. But it is nevertheless a grave error, because amidst the vast *historical* perspectives he sketches, Mr. Lukacs ignores one of the most important *political* realities of the age. While the world-reconstructionists and other utopians will not accept (will not even understand) his premises, they will cheer his conclusions.

The book consists of two parts, one devoted to the *events*, the other to the *movements* of the Cold War era. One

would do well to read the second part first, for it is there that Mr. Lukacs establishes the foundations of the disengagement policy he favors. He discusses the historical, social and structural similarities of the United States and Soviet Russia, and concludes that both tend toward a form of technological-military empire, aggressive and imperially ambitious. Hence the necessity for disengagement which has, in fact, started; the few areas of conflict that remain ought to be cleared up with patience and statesmanship, and without fear on the American side since it is the United States, not Russia, which has made tremendous advances from 1945 to the present.

The underlying thesis of this second part is that national, racial and geopolitical aspirations are the motive forces of history and that the Cold War is a historically contingent element, the temporary consequence of the two European wars, the collapse of Europe's midriff, and the division of Germany.

Accordingly, the first part reviews the events of the Cold War in the light of Mr. Lukacs' convictions as a historian. The following points are made: Stalin merely continued the nationalist-expansionist policies of the Czars and did not seek to interfere in the affairs of those European countries which lay outside his sphere of influence fixed at Yalta; post-Stalinist Russia is essentially trying to consolidate the empire and to catch up with the United States, whereas American foreign policy, especially under Dulles, has been aggressive and threatening; while America rearms West Germany and supplies it with nuclear weapons, the Soviets authorize only a police force in East Germany and, of course, no nuclear arms; the main fear of Russia is that an aggressive alliance between Bonn and the Pentagon might upset the *status quo* in Europe. Furthermore, Mr. Lukacs supports the view that Tito's and Gomulka's Communism is of the national brand, that the rift deepens between Russia and China, and that Germany and Japan ought to be neutralized.

Now if an inhabitant of Sirius were looking down at our turbulent globe and came to the above conclusions, he might be justified; numerically there are indeed fewer red flags flying, and geographically the Western flags cover more territory. And it is true that Russia has not supplied her satellites with atomic weapons (nor, for that matter, with any up-to-date armament): her political and military leaders are not such fools as to entrust such instruments to what they know to be hostile populations.

But *we* are not remote observers in space, nor should we be only his-

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—John Chamberlain, *Wall Street Journal*

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torians, that is, observers remote in time. On the plane of history I question Mr. Lukacs' thesis that national and racial realities outweigh ideological ones. But at any rate, policy decisions must be made *now*, and the

Communist will to conquest (assisting and paralleling and reaching beyond Russian expansion) is one of the principal factors in these decisions. Mr. Lukacs argues that Marxism was rejected even before World War I by governments and workers alike. Nationalism prevailed during the war and after Versailles, and prevails today more than it did thirty years ago: in 1930 the masses of America opted for the New Deal, not Communism, and in 1960 Cuba, Iraq, Ghana, Guinea, etc. are chauvinist, not Communist. Mr. Lukacs would, I think, agree with de Gaulle who, after meeting Khrushchev, told his entourage that the Soviet chief was a small-time party manager, not a revolutionist.

Yet, in the name of a horribly truncated image of man and society, this same Khrushchev and his henchmen from Hungary to China continue to suppress religion and every other manifestation of the sovereign personality; maintain the monolithic state at the price of destroying all non-controlled social ties; collectivize and re-collectivize the land—even though this means a permanent crisis in agricultural production; persecute Jews in Russia, Catholics in Poland, peasants in China, workers and students everywhere.

This has little to do with foreign policy, Mr. Lukacs may answer. But it has everything to do with the terrible menace of an ideology, of the ultimate secular belief bent on refashioning the human soul—held God-created and sacred by Mr. Lukacs as by ourselves. Like him, I am exasperated by anti-Communist monomaniacs who find Communist conspirators under every bush; like him, I do not believe that Communism will conquer the world. But let us agree that Marxism is a variant of the age-old temptation of the mind to destroy the individual—free, incalculable, spontaneous—and erect the scientific anthill; that it is a heresy coeval with Adam which today serves as well as dominates Soviet thinking and Kremlin strategy.

In other words, we cannot discount militant Marxism; it shapes even national aspirations in our age. Castro, Nkrumah, Sekou Touré adopt the socialist-totalitarian model and turn their countries into relays in a pro-Soviet network. Is this merely the opportunism of some Latin, Levantine and African politicians? Possibly; but in the process we are losing precisely those geopolitical and ideological advantages for which we wage wars, cold or hot.

Bergman: Image and Meaning

GERHART NIEMEYER

An Ingmar Bergman film is the most exciting experience of the screen these days. It never fails to grip even those who miss the point. The sheer intensity of the acting, the dramatic rhythm of the scenes, the welding of word and picture, the centrality of the themes to the human person, all this cuts deeper, stirs mightier than all the rest of today's movie fare. Still, many remain stirred rather than moved; they see the image but not the meaning. The fault is theirs, not Bergman's; his plays are not for the mentally lazy. They initiate a dialogue in which the onlooker is supposed to be a vigorous partner. Troubling questions are put to people, questions about how we live and why we are here. Bergman's stories, while realistic, are meant to puzzle his public. Like the pictures of Paul Klee, his films must be completed by reasoning out the why's and what-for's and how-come's of the acts and words. Still, never does he snarl at the audience with a "This-is-deep-stuff-be-damned-if-you-don't-get-it" attitude. Bergman communicates, symbolically but clearly

Four Screenplays of Ingmar Bergman. Simon and Schuster, $6

The key to the symbolism is provided in each film by a sentence sounding the central theme. Plato's *Republic* opens with the words of Socrates: "I walked down to the Piraeus . . . ," that is, to the red-light district, the slums, the port of brawls and beer. Socrates descends to the depths of human corruption, from there to ascend to truth, and then to relate both descent and ascent to the task of regeneration. Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* shows Professor Borg at his desk. Before he has turned his face to the audience, we hear him say: "I have of my own free will withdrawn almost completely from society . . . therefore I found myself rather alone in my old age. . . ." Here is the theme: the self-isolation of the intellectual from his fellow beings, from life.

The subsequent dreams of himself as a stinking corpse and his reminiscences of his youth restate the theme and pose the "how come?" He never married his sweetheart; his too stilted intellectualism found no way to her warm and feminine heart. The non-marriage is symbolic and representative of all Sweden. Scenes from three generations spell out the devastating result: couples whose male and female elements are married in body but not in soul or mind, leaving the males rigid, pompous, death-bound, cold-hearted, and the females footloose, irresponsible, uninhibited. The answer? In an enigmatic final scene, Professor Borg is shown the "way back" to his parents, a happy couple in perfect harmony, separated from him by deep water across which his voice cannot reach them. No answer, obviously; but as cutting a criticism of modern Swedish—no, not just Swedish, but Western—society as can be found in modern art.

Though cutting, the critique is neither bitter, nor despairing, nor without love.

Listen, then, intently for the telltale phrase through which Bergman lets you know what he has in mind. In *The Seventh Seal,* it comes in the confession the knight makes to Death, disguised as a monk: "Is it so cruelly inconceivable to grasp God with the senses? . . . What is going to happen to those of us who want to believe but aren't able to?" The knight's opposite in the fourteenth-century setting is his nihilistic squire, a bawdy cynic not without decency. But the substance of the story is modern: the intellectual difficulties modern man encounters in the traditional forms of religion, starkly symbolized in the unbearable cruelty of the *flagellantes* scene. The experience of death, running through the entire story, raises the perennial question: "No one can live in the face of death, knowing that all is nothingness." The answer? Again, there is none. "God, You who are somewhere, who *must* be somewhere, have mercy upon us." These are the knight's last words, leaving his intellectualized and surety-craving quest, distinct from the childlike faith of the poet Jof, as Bergman's last word.

As the years and Bergman films go by, faith in God emerges more and more as the continuing central concern. The modern intellect with its self-centered "certainties" turns out to be the chief stumbling block, nowhere more clearly than in *The Magician.* There, the pillars of society have made a wager "on a question of great scientific interest": Will the performance of a traveling magician, a mesmerizer and his company, indicate that "intangible and inexplicable forces really exist?" If so, then, "we would be suddenly forced to . . . logically we would have to conceive of . . . a God." With this premise, the members of the educated class accept the test of "magic" as their "scientific" sign of life's divine origin and destiny. All are sooner or later taken in.

Not so in the kitchen. The maids, though they fake credulity, inwardly dismiss the "love potion" which the men of the company offer them. Instead of being seduced by "magic" they themselves seduce by the powers of nature, and each maiden lands her quarry. Bergman makes sure that the mystifying events lure the onlooker into some at least tentative acceptance of something like magic powers, before he lets him down hard with the revelation of the trickster's bare wretchedness. Nobody is allowed the easy escape "Thank-God-that-I-am-not-like-those-benighted-stuffed-shirts." All of us have shared in modern man's craving for a "scientific" sign.

His films are milestones on a road Bergman himself seems to be walking. From the unconquerable doubt of the knight in *The Seventh Seal,* he has moved to Karin's father in *The Virgin Spring,* the man who over the outraged body of his dead child raises his vengeance-stained hands in a tortured prayer: "I don't understand You, God. I definitely don't understand You. But I nevertheless beg Your forgiveness. For I know of no other way of being reconciled to my own hands. I know of no other way to live." This is Job's blind acceptance, still Old Testament, but, for the first time, some kind of an answer.

Through medieval or Swedish stories, Bergman is talking about all of us in the modern West. He understands the break in our souls, our profoundest unloyalties. This explains the deep excitement that streams from his films. And yet, with this concern for what is the core of life's meaning, there is still so much dross clinging to the previous metal of these works. There are clichés of Strindbergian social criticism; there is romanticized medievalism; there are the recurrent but sentimentalized figures of the childlike poet; there is much love for heroic posturing. There is, above all, an existentialist preoccupation with violence and sex, a flirtatious acceptance of the illusory absolutism of these experiences. There is the same inclination for stark cruelty that can be found in Faulkner and Robert Penn Warren, the deliberate blackening of our darkness while reaching toward the light. But these are weaknesses that stem from the plight of our age, weaknesses which cannot obscure an art of great vitality and significance.

Is Bergman a prophet of our time? Hardly. A seeker for the way, more sensitive to our want of knowledge than most contemporary artists, more aware of where our lack of faith has left us, but still nothing but a seeker among seekers. Not even ahead of others, if anything a little behind, a little too much wedded to the pre-1914 world and its problems. An honest and persistent seeker, an arguer with God like Job, a man of impatience desiring to take the Kingdom by force. One day, no doubt, the door will open for him. Whether Ingmar Bergman then will produce more haunting, probing, wonderful pictures, no one can tell. But whatever he has already created he has made in the image of all of us.

Forthcoming Reviews

Hugh Kenner on *Movies, Morals and Art,* by Frank Getlein and Harold C. Gardiner, S.J.

Philip Burnham on *Odyssey of the Self-Centered Self,* by Robert Elliot Fitch

Frank S. Meyer on *Reconsiderations,* by Arnold J. Toynbee

Nathaniel Weyl on *The Struggle for Democracy in Latin America,* by Charles O. Potter and Robert J. Alexander

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LOTUS AND THE ROBOT, by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan, $3.95). The West has lost faith in itself, and is hot on several false scents which lead, like most of the Western wanderings from its destined way, into an Oriental wasteland. Whether this particular wandering will finally efface the hard lines that Western man has marked out for his journey—this will be determined by one thing: will we have the nerve to decide that, as Newman put it, for all the real business of mankind "Western civilization is civilization simply"; or, as Belloc put it, "outside is the Night"? There is no way to prove Newman's or Belloc's statements to men who have not submitted themselves (or will not) to the vast disciplines of this tradition. This creates a dilemma which is resolved, as far as it can be, by Mr. Koestler, who actually went East wafted by the modern longing for answers that Aristotle and Aquinas cannot give. Koestler does not speak from the core of a tradition that would have made such a pilgrimage impossible; but as a vivid reporter with a quick eye, he exercises all those instincts —blunted, blurred, half-buried— that still prod us on whenever we rise to the measure of our past. He is genuinely *surprised* to find that, even in a Troy half-razed, he is Hector at the gate—and so will many of his readers be. He successfully "sneaks up" on the modern mind, and manipulates its prejudices, because he sees with an innocent eye and no deeper set of guides than his acute instincts. He went to learn from the wise men of the East, and found that the wisest of them had long ago followed a Westward-traveling star. G. WILLS

THE KOHLER STRIKE: *Union Violence and Administrative Law*, by Sylvester Petro (Regnery, $3). The author of this small authoritative volume probes his case with the sure-fingered economy of a fine surgeon. Sylvester Petro has worked in steel mills, and in the 1930s he was a union organizer; now he is a professor of law at New York University and a specialist in labor law. He removes the dressing from the wounds of the nation's most outrageous strike and explains anew what happens when the United Automobile Workers and the National Labor Relations Board gang up on a good company. It isn't pretty, even though Kohler has robustly survived—so far. Then, in the best tradition of preventive medicine, Professor Petro tells us how such assaults can be guarded against, or their harm modified. Let labor disputes revert to the courts, where rules of law and fair play, evolved over the centuries, will prevail. The alternative, if companies are to stand up to union bullying as Kohler has done, is ugly strife and lots of it. J. G. ACKELMIRE

THE INFERNAL WORLD OF BRANWELL BRONTE, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday, $4.50). Branwell died at 31, a deadbeat and a sot; his sister Emily less than three months later, at thirty. Yet Emily wrote *Wuthering Heights*, no doubt out of hints provided by her brother; and Branwell, only reams of bad verse and unreadable fantasies. Sister Charlotte several times, and now Branwell with a veteran storyteller's resource, have been accorded satisfyingly Gothic biographies. Miss du Maurier serves her subject well, evoking in every chapter our pity and horror. Yet in articulating the world Branwell carried round in his head, she is doing for him after over a century a fraction of what Emily was able to do for herself at the age of 27; and before Emily, who is the family's real mystery, biography is powerless. H. KENNER

THE DEVIL TO PAY, by Jack Youngblood and Robin Moore (Coward-McCann, $4.50). This is perhaps the first realistic eyewitness account of the Castro Revolution. A mercenary adventurer, Youngblood smuggled arms to the Castro forces, plotted the extermination of Batista and killed members of Cuban military intelligence for Castro at $1,000 a head. The cant and sentimentality which disfigure other accounts of the Cuban Revolution are conspicuously absent here. We see Castro and his lieutenants in their filth and grime and their chronic condition of semi-drunkenness; we see them motivated by hatred and resentment; the pervasive threads of Communist conspiracy are visible at all times. Youngblood reveals that Raúl Castro spied on Fidel through his mistress and had contempt for his brother as a coward. His description of Raúl's sadistic mass execution of captured Batista soldiers is perhaps the highlight of the narrative. When Castro visited the United States in April 1959 and was eulogized by the American press, Youngblood thought it incredible that not a single editorial "referred to Communism, the Communists around him, or their role in bringing him to power or their influence on him." As far as he was concerned "a lot of reporters should lose their jobs for incompetence, color-blindness, or outright conspiracy to deceive the public." N. WEYL

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To the Editor

Foreign Policy

Senator Barry Goldwater's article, "A Foreign Policy for America," [March 25] is the finest thing on this subject I've read.

REV. EDWARD M. GALLAGHER
Albuquerque, N.M.

In his article, "A Foreign Policy for America," Barry Goldwater states: ". . . . we should establish close liaison with underground leaders behind the Iron Curtain, furnishing them printing presses, radios, weapons, instructors: the paraphernalia of a full-fledged Resistance."

. . . I would ask this congressman if . . . he cares not about limitations in the Supreme Law which deny to Congress the power to lay and collect taxes for such a campaign as he now espouses. Mr. Goldwater should read carefully Article I, Section 8, of the Constitution, and thereafter respect his oath of office.

Deadwood, S.D. CHAS. R. HAYES

". . . it will be in vain to oppose constitutional barriers to the impulse of self-preservation." Justice Storey, defining the duties of Congress under Article 1, Section 8: (Storey Commentaries on the Constitution, II, 1185) (4th ed., 1873). —ED.

Insurance or Dole?

In your To-the-Editor column [March 25] HEW Assistant Secretary Wilbur J. Cohen writes about "basic *insurance* protection against the costs of the medical care" (of the medically indigent aged). I am sure Mr. Forrest Davis would not object, and I would also not object, to this statement. However, what Mr. Cohen means by the word "insurance" is different from my conception.

Needless to say, anyone using the word "insurance" in reference to social security coverage is using an inaccurate and misleading term. Even the Supreme Court ruled that the Social Security System is not an insurance plan.

Dillard Stokes (*Social Security—Fact and Fancy*, p. 8) states: "As a matter of fact, social security does not provide insurance. The contributions are called premiums, but they are just taxes. Those who pay them acquire no rights. . . ." Any plan to cover the medical care of the aged through the social security system will function under this basic concept. Our Congress has the authority to abrogate these "benefits." Social security payments are not saved or invested as insurance companies are required to do by law.

One cannot escape the conclusion that Assistant Secretary Cohen is in error.

Berwyn, Ill. EDWARD PALMER, M. D.

Viscount?

M'lords:

I find that the index for Ambassador von Dirksen's memoirs lists the Burnham who wrote *The Managerial Revolution* as "Viscount Burnham."

How about making the indicated change in NATIONAL REVIEW'S masthead?

Baltimore, Md. J. D. FUTCH

Machiavelli

I should like to take the sharpest exception to Professor Prezzolini's praise of Machiavelli ["The Kernel of Machiavelli," April 8]. It is true that conservatives must take account of the reality of power in their political thought and action—and to the analysis of power Machiavelli contributed some brilliant, if distorted, insights; but, for them, power is but a tool subordinated to the ends dictated by morality, while to Machiavelli power is the absolute criterion of political action. The eternal laws of good and evil, and integrity and value of the individual person, Machiavelli scornfully dismisses as meaningless before the demands of the almighty State. He is prophet and precursor both of the "reason of state" of twentieth-century totalitarianism and of the "value-free social science" which has replaced political philosophy to become the intellectual buttress of the twentieth-century Liberalism.

The consensus of Western civilization has always seen Machiavelli as a symbol of evil. Professor Prezzolini himself admits that he has incurred

"the strongest condemnation of the Catholic Church, the stern reproach of the Protestants." That consensus conservatives have no reason to call in question unless for considerations much weightier, much more morally valid, than those Professor Prezzolini adduces. Rather, we should, with Professor Leo Strauss in his masterly *Thoughts on Machiavelli*, profess ourselves inclined to the old-fashioned and simple opinion that Machiavelli was a "teacher of evil."

Woodstock, N.Y. FRANK S. MEYER

The Peace Corps

I wish every applicant and volunteer swept up by the popular Peace Corps proposal would read David Franke's article ["What About the Peace Corps?" March 25] before getting involved.

Basically the idea of a Peace Corps is sound and deserves support. My wife and I, aged 25 and 28 respectively, would be willing and happy to pull up stakes and take our family into an unknown land to battle against the Communist conspiracy provided we could go prepared and trained as thoroughly as the agents of Moscow.

If the Peace Corps strengthens and a truly effective, well trained, dedicated task force evolves, my wife and I will be among the volunteers; until then we will hopefully and watchfully wait for the enthusiastic glamor dust to settle in a world of reality.

Denver, Colo. A. H. SHEPARD

The "Peace Corps Cheer" by W. H. von Dreele [March 25] was a delightful tonic. Delightful enough to have made the Peace Corps folly worthwhile.

China Lake, Cal. FREDERICK J. MILLER

Only Shortsighted

Francis G. Wilson writes [February 25] that "Kennedy is essentially anti-clerical." This is sheer nonsense. The foundations of those many buildings on Catholic college campuses which were paid for by the Kennedy Foundation must be rumbling.

The President opposes federal aid to parochial schools; it is only regrettable that he does not extend his logic here to include public schools.

The President has not appointed an ambassador to the Vatican. Here, I believe, he is being shortsighted but not anti-clerical. The Vatican could be a tremendous source of intelligence in behalf of those forgotten nations behind the Iron Curtain.

Because the President does not call the chanceries for advice does not mean that he is opposed to the natural law, or to a well-intentioned cleric who chooses to teach him what he did not get at Harvard. To charge Mr. Kennedy with such a ridiculous position makes the conservative view grotesque. Poor shooting, Mr. Wilson. Let's take more careful aim.

Shrewsbury, Mass. ALPHONSE J. PALAIMA

Professor Wilson Replies

AJP says Kennedy is shortsighted but that he is not anti-clerical. He seems to suggest that a well-intentioned cleric might teach him some of the things he did not get at Harvard. I suppose the point at which shortsightedness becomes anti-clerical (as it is used in Latin American politics and among Latin Liberals in Europe) is not always clear. But anti-clerical is as anti-clerical does. Being a Catholic, Kennedy can be attacked more readily, of course, by Catholics than if he were a Protestant, and he must be attacked precisely for his anti-Catholic positions.

His campaign statements were

". . . Government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with which it got out of its way. It does not keep the country free. It does not settle the West. It does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way.

Henry David Thoreau in "Civil Disobedience"

The words of the Yankee political philosopher echo truer today than a century ago when they were written. Government produces nothing; government creates nothing. The engine of big government spending programs cannot be set in motion until it's fueled with what it has *first taken away* from each individual citizen.

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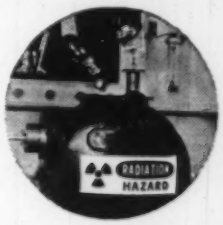

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A JOHN GALT (age 27) desires to correspond with a Dagny Taggert. Write Box 52, NR.

geared, I believe, to get Protestant votes, and his wrath at anyone who might look at his conscience, even cross-eyed like, was perfectly obvious. Before the election the *London Observer* said Kennedy knew little about his faith. His first statement on church and state in *Look* Magazine in the spring of 1959 was greeted with a howl of disapproval by the American Catholic press (see especially Father Sheerin in the *Catholic World*). The campaign statements, notably in Houston, Texas, which were re-broadcast endlessly by Walter Reuther's UAW, were more Protestant than Catholic in tone. He made it clear that no one could tell *him* anything about religion. Now in the aid-to-education controversy he is surely an enemy of Catholic education. May I add that anti-clericalism is also shortsightedness, and in Kennedy's case a very great shortsightedness?

Urbana, Ill. FRANCIS G. WILSON

Coalition of Have-Nots

Your comment on the Symington Plan ["The Week," April 8, page 206] brings up once again what the *Boston Herald* (page 209) and Paul R. Carlsten (page 228) have only very mildly called "inconsistency."

The magazine is a curious coalition of serious anti-Communists and libertarian-capitalists who have in reality very little in common except that both groups are political have-nots.

The resulting schizophrenia, appearing on almost every page, renders NATIONAL REVIEW unable to present a convincing solution to *any* of the problems with which it is concerned.

Hasn't the time come to decide whether the government you are fighting is in Washington or Moscow?

New York City JOHN L. BURNHAM

We're against overweening government, period. That doesn't mean you can't use government A to help resist government B, the greater immediate threat. Has Reader Burnham never taken a hair of the hound?—ED.

¡Senor!

I would like to request the assistance of your readers in solving a problem connected with my forthcoming book, *Hey, Gringo!* During the week I spent in Havana doing necessary research, I noticed many signs proclaiming the

name of Patria O'Muerte. He is apparently another in the long line of Irishmen, such as Bernardo O'Higgins of Chile and Juan Reilly of Mexico, whose spirit of Irish independence has found its perfect expression in a People's Revolution. His name is heard everywhere in Havana but, since I do not speak Spanish, I found it difficult to secure precise biographical data on him.

I would greatly appreciate whatever information your readers may be able to supply; and I hope, in turn, that my book may dispel some of the wholly erroneous notions about Dr. Castro's Cuba which they have gained from your reactionary magazine.

NATIONAL REVIEW, for example, has consistently portrayed the new Cuba as a bloodthirsty state, ruling by fear. I can assure you from my own experience that this picture is utterly false. There is abroad in the new Cuba a spirit of gentleness and forgiveness which would do credit to an assemblage of Franciscan Monks: On several occasions in Havana I beheld large crowds of workers surrounding captured enemies of the State and chanting, *"paredón! paredón!"* Spanish, I find, is much like English and it was a simple matter for me to understand what they were saying. *"Paredón"* is, of course, clearly equivalent to the English "pardon." I was deeply touched to hear these democratic workers calling for "pardon" or as we would say in America, "Give these guys a break!" In their simple expression of charity there is, I think, a lesson for all of us.

Evanston, Ill. JAMES G. O'BRIEN

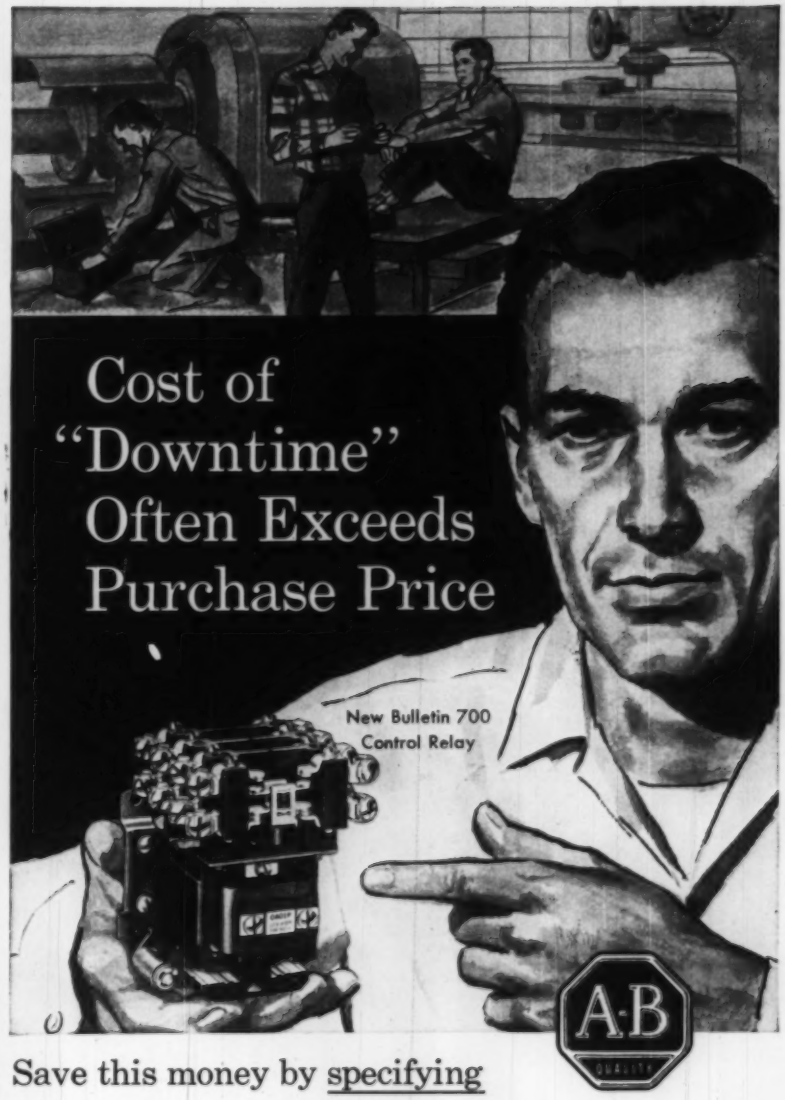
¡O'Brien sí! —ED.

POETRY AND SUCH

(Continued from p. 250)

spare gravity of appreciation which is what the poem enacts. A voice (and we hear a voice, feeling its way) is counterpointed by the visual reticence, the refusal to putty out five-foot lines.

Prufrock (1910) was perhaps the first major poem to be typewritten by its author, and verse for the past half century has been learning to use for expressive purposes its own typographical decor. Dante would have wondered at this, but then Homer would have wondered at Dante.



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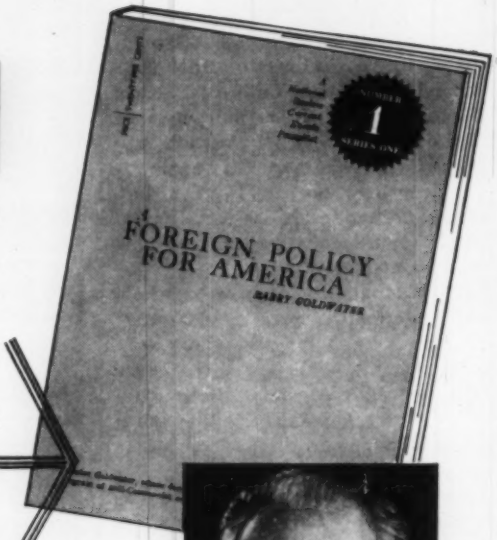

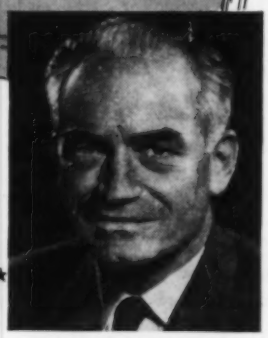

The Senator gives tough-minded answers to questions ranging from How to resolve the problem of Cuba, to, What are the dominant superstitions in our thinking about the United Nations.

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